

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 3, 1957

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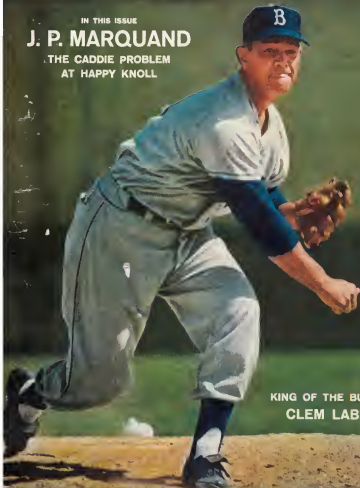
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IN THIS ISSUE

J. P. MARQUAND

THE CADDIE PROBLEM
AT HAPPY KNOLL



**KING OF THE BULLPEN
CLEM LABINE**

ROBLEE

The open-collar feeling in leather



The Multi-vent—this season's breeziest shoe feels as good as it looks

This thoughtful wife is giving her husband a cool start on a hot day—and his Roblee Multi-vents are going to help him stay that way.

Some 600 vents in each shoe take care of the air conditioning. And the leather's so supple he can walk all he pleases—weightlessly.

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New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day...and prevent dryness

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Acknowledgments on page 11

COVER: CLEM LABINE
Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

A relief pitcher used to be considered an inferior, a last-resort substitute. Today, however, a thoroughly reliable bullpen star like Clem Labine of the Brooklyn Dodgers is included in any list of the most valued players in baseball. See Darlin' Clem Labine on page 56.

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BIG SHOW—BIGGER TO COME

Records fell like zeppelins in Los Angeles as the world's finest track athletes led the season toward its climax. By JAMES MURRAY

SEATTLE'S DRAMAMINE DERBY

Tough and terrific is the Swiftsure ocean race. With four pages IN COLOR

CADDIE CRISIS AT HAPPY KNOLL

Another report by JOHN P. MARQUAND from America's favorite country club

THEY CALL HIM MR. TROUBLE

Golfer Doug Ford is now king of the circuit. By GWILYM BROWN

OF CUPS AND COURAGE

A young rider starts in old-style country steeplechasing. By ALICE HIGGINS

BUSY, BUSY JUMBO

A look at Coach Jim (Jumbo) Elliott and his Villanova track team as they get ready to meet the best of the West. By COLES PHINNEY

DARLIN' CLEM LABINE

The king of the Brooklyn Dodgers' bullpen. By ROBERT CREAMER

CUS D'AMATO OUTPOINTS THE IBC

The late-horned IBC drops another decision. By MARTIN KANE

PART IV: THE LADY AND THE TROUT

Continuing the series on Dame Juliana Berens, JOHN McDONALD details her literary legacy and indulges in a fascinating speculation

—THE DEPARTMENTS—

• SCOREBOARD	8	• TIP FROM THE TOP	45
• FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR	12	• BASEBALL X-RAY	63
• COMING EVENTS	12	• HOTBOX	76
• EVENTS & DISCOVERIES	21	• THE 15TH HOLE	78
• WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT	32	• PAT ON THE BACK	80

NEXT WEEK

**THIS YEAR YOU CAN
PLAY BETTER TENNIS**

Donald Budge, one of the game's all-time great players, and Davis Cup Captain William F. Talbert teach the four basic strokes with Artist Ed Vebell. Learn them and have a lot more fun on the court

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



A PHENOMENON of postwar America, changing the look of the land as well as the style of living for millions of families, has been the development of modern shopping centers. For many of you their extraordinary convenience and casualness have been a happy and familiar experience for some time. But perhaps you'll be surprised to learn that just in October, November and December of 1956 suburban centers

opened 12 million square feet of selling space, which more than doubled all such space previously in use.

Lake convenience and casualness, sport too has become a characteristic of contemporary suburban life. That explains why this year, during **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** third annual Sports and Vacation Carnival—in which leading retailers in every major U.S. market are participating—four important suburban shopping centers are the scenes for an unusual series of promotional events: The **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Summer Sports Festivals**.

The first of these, a three-day program at Gimbels in Cheltenham, outside Philadelphia, took place two weeks ago and turned out for its sponsors to be a dramatic demonstration of the almost limitless possibilities of "selling with sport."

Built around outstanding sports personalities like Bob Mathias, Otto Graham, Doug Ford, Jackie Robinson, Bob Cloutworthy and George Mikan; with special display material furnished by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**; with numerous booths exhibiting advertisers' products in live fashion shows and presentations; and a crowded schedule of special events—the entire sports-oriented program set the theme for this shopping center for the summer months ahead.

Last week Marshall Field & Co., The Fair and 25 other retailers, in the new Old Orchard shopping center near Chicago, joined with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** in a similar show; on June 5 another begins at Gimbels in North Hills, outside Pittsburgh; and the next week at Northland, the 80 tenant center which J. L. Hudson Co. built outside Detroit.

In a note to me about the success of the program at Cheltenham, Mr. Arthur C. Kaufmann, Executive Head of Gimbels, Philadelphia, wrote: "Old as its traditions are, nothing is more contemporary than sport, and nothing more sensibly identifies itself with the color, style and tempo of today's living. And we've just had wonderful evidence at our Cheltenham store that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** helps to make sport the perfect setting for selling."

Harry Phillips



Action

Whether you play games or watch them, your timing will be vastly improved by one of these handsome new Hamiltons. Accurate in the Hamilton tradition, they're rugged to the finest detail, styled to perfection. Reasons enough, we submit, for a talk with your Hamilton jeweler. Left to right, Aqualine, \$89.50; Dominette, \$125; Kinematic I, \$72.50. Prices include federal tax. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.

HAMILTON





Happy sound...the telephone

Right now there is someone, somewhere who would like to hear your voice

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Ada den Haan, apple-checked 16-year-old, helped Dutch water sprayers make off with bumper crop of world swim records at Blackpool, England, last week, stroking 228 yards in 2:52.6 and teaming up with Greetje Kraan, Leinie de Nijs and Atle Voorbeij to clock 4:57 for 440-yard medley relay.

RECORD BREAKERS

Tom Courtney, power-legged old Fordham Ram who spent most of winter in fight class at Lohr Arena, Smith, found fresh air more to his liking, then charged home well ahead of longtime rival to set world record of 1:46.8 for half mile in Coliseum Relays at Los Angeles (see page 11). Listed world relay marks also seen another battering from speed-glided Texas quartet of Wally Wilson, Bette Gilroy, Eddie Southern and Bobby Whitely, who splashed 4:40 in 50 flat and, with Jo Frank Daugherty adding for Wilson, hustled through 888 in 1:28.8. Overdistan's Ted White, Dave Brubaker, Larry Way and Ty Hadley shattered still another standard, jacking rubbering to ending 7:02.7 in 2-mile relay (May 24).

Russians peeked out from behind Iron Curtain long enough to announce three more world records had been bettered by Soviet athletes. At Leningrad, damnable Albert Ivanov plodded through 50,000 meters in 3:23.35 (May 23); at Leningrad, Featherweight Eugene Minyayev lifted 333.55 pounds in two-hand press, and Lightweight Ravel Khakeladze lifted 280 lb. pounds, prodding Rudko Moore to boast: "In the history of weight lifting, there has not as yet been a sportsman who approached such a high standard" (May 24).

BOXING

Tom McLean, low-swinging ex-welterweight champion, found few openings in crouching Walter Byam's terrible defense, so switched to feinting body attack to hang out 10-round split decision before 4,201 who paid \$10,000 to watch live-TV bout at Bantle. **Kenny Lane**, classy Jack Kessie's No. 3 lightweight contender, rebounded Henry (Toothpick) Brown with southpaw stance, assailed over looping right in backset but fumbled real in sixth at Detroit (see below). Wailed Brown: "He was always sitting at me from the wrong side."

IBF keepsen fought desperately to save Jim Norris' empire, but first big crack appeared when Earl Leno, bantam-dress new-fortner, broke up IBC monopoly on heavyweight title fight by slugging Floyd Patterson to defeat against Harrison Jenkins in New York's Date Grande during week of July 29 (see page 11). **IBF** also got ready from Paris, where Cheryl Harris and Hogan Bussey agreed to meet for featherweight crown next month.

TRACK & FIELD

Australia's Merv Lincoln broke out of park in last 200 yards, blotted tremendous kick to overhaul Britain's Brian Hewson, Hungary's László Talos and Britain's Derek Robinson in 4:00 in Mileville Mile featuring quartet of sub-four-minute miles at Los Angeles (see page 11). Quoted on failure to break four minutes, Lincoln partially explained: "It's all a super-human effort, not something like kicking a piece of bread." Next night, *marathon* moved up to Modena, where Robinson outgassed Lincoln in 4:06.4.

LACROSSE

John Hagman, down 5-1 at end of first quarter, turned loose *Assault* John Jory, Billy Merrill and Markey Webster in gain for at half time, hustled through two housing overtime periods to 11-1 tie with unbeaten Mount Washington before 8,000 at Baltimore, added share of national open title in rubber crown it won from Maryland week earlier.

TENNIS

Acting Captain Vic Seixas, reignited by Grand Golden's unexpected defeat at hands of Venezuela's Ivo Pimental, took matters into his own hands, disposed of Pimental 6-1, 6-3, 6-4, Pimental 6-4, 6-4, 6-3, topped up with David Barbee (who also won last singles) to down some pair in doubles, grang U.S. Davis Cuppers 4-1 victory at Caracas.

HORSE RACING

Willie Shorngler, back in saddle after 10-day suspension, made no mistakes this time, staying down on Soviet Russian (who earned loan from Denver Elmsboth Loan) all way to win \$116,400 California at Hollywood Park.

DOG SHOW

Ch. Fred O'Dalliance of Maryland, white-furred English-bred miniature poodle, outdistanced 2,547 dogs of assorted breeds, pranced off with best-in-show to Morris & Russ Broad Club competition at Madison, N.J.

continued



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Recipes galore! And to make them with ease, here is the gracefully arched handle that eliminates wrist fatigue. Here is the three-speed switch you've been looking for, right on top within reach of either hand. Here is pay at the kitchen: a beautiful Waring Mixer to do the work. Make a note now, see this Mixer of mixers—Waring!

FOCUS ON THE DEED



FULL OF FIGHT, Kenny Lane watched confused Henry Brown hit the canvas for the second and last time in sixth round of Detroit bout.



FULL OF RUN, Derby Winner Iron Liege gets to wire first after fighting off challenges by Clem in \$62,400 Jersey Stakes at Garden State Park.

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SCOREBOARD continued



Al Besseink, affable young blond swinger from Grossinger, N.Y., who has had only moderate success this year, hot-pitched his way into six-figure lead on third round, needed every bit of it when he faltered with wistfully 75 on last 18 but hung on to win Kansas City Open and \$2,800 with 579.

BASEBALL

Chicago caught New York's with defense down, shocked Yankees twice 3-1, 6-4, but had less luck in Cleveland where Indians earned split in four-game series. Despite Indian scandal and Yankee display of power to win three out of four from Washington, White Sox held three-game lead in American League. Boston clinched all-over seventh-place Baltimore to move into first division when Detroit went into collapse.

Muskray, bats in easy Elkhart Field, began to flex his long-armed muscles against St. Louis and long-lead-lead Cleveland, finished week by winning two out of three from New York to take second place (two games behind Redlegs) in National League from champion Milwaukee Braves, who reached low point in Sunday double-header, losing to Chicago 7-3, 5-4 as Cub Rookie Don Ernst struck out 11. Philadelphia found Pittsburgh easy pickings, scored in within one game of Braves.

FOOTBALL

ACC, at long-awaited meeting, voted 5-4 to continue ban on UCLA (which barely escaped censure by single vote—its own) and USC football series, according to northern schools in refusal to attend round-robin schedule. Deacons drew lead from alumni groups, full-scale drive to urge UCLA, USC and California to withdraw from conference.

MILEPOSTS

BOMBED—Russell Stanley (Ramp) Callow, 66, one-time timber ruler who rose out of forests of Washington's Mason County to win fame as nation's No. 1 crew coach, by old friends, at five-day Mason County Forest Festival, in Shelton, Wash. Callow brought Washington three IRA titles in four years (1929-1932), moved on to Fern, where his boats ranged up and down rugged Skyline ("I've been in drink and too thin to play") for 25 years (1927-1943), finally scored greatest triumph at Fern, where his shells won 21 straight, including Olympic crown in 1936.

DEED—Maurice McCarty Jr., 50, outstanding gun-totter gaffer, national interrogator champion in 1936, Walter Capper in 1937; after operation for intestinal obstruction, at Chicago, McCarty earned place in record books by going 10 extra holes to beat George Van Kien in second round of 1939 National Amateur.



Harry Mackay, young Davis Cup hopeful from Michigan, found himself trailing Iowa's eager Art Andrus at end of opening set, perked up game at rival wearied to win 3-6, 6-4, 6-2 for second Big Ten singles title, Wolverines also captured team championship for third straight year at Evanston.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

TURT PROCKS and NOEL GUNNINGHAM REID, 801-mi. 4,000 km. sports car race, with \$7.34 m. avg. as Adam Martin DSR 1, Nazarethburg JOHN TITON, Stinson, Conn., 12-lap sports car race, in 2 Hours, Thompson Raceway, Conn.

BOATING

WASHINGTON, over Stanford, by 5% lengths, in 15:44 for 3 m., 1:25:00, Redwood City, Calif. COWELL, over Penn., by length, in 13:55.6 for 216 m., 1:02:12. WASHINGTON-LEE H.S., and schooner racing title, Washington, D.C.

BOXING

ARCHIE McBRIDE, 10-round decision over Mike Belmont, heavyweights, New York. VIRGIL ARINS, 3-round TED over Jimmy Beckman, welterweights, Washington, D.C.

GOLF

SEVERLY HANSON, Indio, Calif., Land of the Sky Women's Open, with 218, Asheville, N.C.

HORSE RACING

PAPER TIGER, \$38,800 Lincoln Special, 3 1/16 m., by 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:46.2, Los Angeles, Cal. McKinley SWANSON'S SON, \$20,300 Cripple Creek, 1 m., in photo finish, in 1:12, Belmont, Washington Pa. Come 216 up. SCOTTS, Connecticut Cup, 3 m., by 13 lengths, in 3:02, Putnam, N.Y. Joe Adelman Jr. up.

PENATHLON

U.S. invitational and modern title, with 13,818 pts. San Antonio, individual title: Lt. Jack Daniels, U.S., with 4,819 pts.

SOCCER

ST LOUIS RUTIS, over Chicago Schenker, 2-1, for Western Division title, Chicago.

TENNIS

PANCHO GONZALEZ, over Tony Trabert, 6-4, 8-4, Pacific Coast pro title, San Francisco.

TRACK & FIELD

OLYMPIAN ACADEMY, New England interscholastic title, with 48.0 pts., Amherst, Mass. MILWAU (U) (Oha), Mid-American Conference title, Kent, Ohio.



HUSTLING Greg Bell, shown here winning broad jump, also placed second in 100 and 220 to help Indiana to Big Ten title at Evanston.



STRAINING Duane Hanover (left), with Billy Naughton in bulky, delivers good pay night by winning \$27,750 Good Time Pace at Yonkers.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

clear water, D—water dirty, E—water muddy, N—water at normal depth;
 NH—slightly high, H—high, V.H—very high;
 L—low, R—rising, F—falling, WF50—water temperature 50°; FG—faking good, FF—faking fair, FP—faking poor, DVG—outlook very good, OG—outlook good;
 OF—outlook fair, OP—outlook poor

STRIPED BASS: New scenery. Trolling season is off to a good start and anglers are out along the ocean front from Sandy Hook to South Bright and back at Monmouth Shores area to Monmouth. Sandy Hook and Coney Island. Several boats better than 40 pounds have already been boated and catches of two to three to a boat are not unusual. Virtually all action so far has been on big Jersey bunker specks about the size of a menhaden. Daytime trolling is currently best, although a few fish are striking at night. Charter boats are available at Highlands, Atlantic Highlands, Great Kills and Sheepshead Bay for this fishing. Meanwhile, surf fishermen say

MARYLAND: Striped bass to 30 pounds are prowling waters of the middle Chesapeake Bay from Bloody Point Light to Love Point, staying close in to eastern shore, with heavier concentrations on Brink House Bar. Bait are striking enthusiastically on No. 20 chrome spoons, but all "rockfish" over 15 pounds must be released. Best action is at change of tides. Pan striper are fairly plentiful around Bay Bridge rockpiles and will hit small plugs or spin lures when mood is on there.

CALIFORNIA: High winds kept many boats off San Francisco area waters last week but had died down at press time, and agent says San Pablo Bay should be good if calm weather continues, favors Napa and Martinez-Benicia areas, Sacramento River R and M, but San Joaquin good at mouth of Three Mile Slough and on False River flats. Best day's catch reported last week at Patrick's Resort was 56 bass to 15 pounds. **OFF-G.**

MASSACHUSETTS: First striped bass of current herring run taken in Cape Cod Canal last Saturday by Tom Ceddry of Cambridge on live-baiting bait. Bait and spin lures producing school fish at Wewamantic and Popponesset Beach.

NEW YORK: Season is three weeks late, says Montauk agent, but surf fishermen expect action to start any night now as big fish, known to be in area, move in to beaches.

BLACK BASS: VIRGINIA: Largemouth bass have started hitting top-water plugs and bugs at most ponds, lakes and reservoirs throughout the state, and OVG while evenings continue cool.

FLORIDA: Substantial rainfall last week improved bass fishing throughout most of that state. In central Florida, phosphate pits south of Lakeland and lakes within city limits are producing bass in good numbers, with occasional lunkers to 22 pounds. In northwest Florida, best bass spots are the Wakulla and Apalachicola rivers and best lure is live shiner. **MISSISSIPPI:** H. H. McCall, Boone Creek agent, says streams H. H. McCall and CP are still sunny and warm, with good M. 30s and 40s and quality bass in several years. Most lakes H. 80 and still rising.

trout season. Several large bass reported at Cherokee Lake, Norris Lake and Watts Bar Lake, with anglers getting best results with live bait or top-water lures. In Wattsuga Lake Monte Johnson, Valley Forge, took a largemouth bass weighing 7.4 pounds on a shiner. In central OK

NORTH CAROLINA: Pogonora Lake in western North Carolina continues to be prime spot for largemouth bass. Most of those reported last week were in 3-pound class and officials advise night fishing with noisy top-water plugs.

CALIFORNIA: Shasta Lake bass on feeding spree after windy days, says agent, adding that same favorable conditions prevail on Mendocino and Mahavee lakes on lower Colorado River. Lakes Hemshaw and Fivette were improving at

LOUISIANA. John Van Norman and Frank Kelly caught 28 harpacticoids in the Calcasieu River.

ping a few lure with spinner on top, skirt is dark and double hook. But last summer's sensational "red worm" still doing break business. Steve Lymerb of Alexandria and a friend caught 23 bass to 3 pounds in two hours last Friday afternoon in Lake Concordia. Lymerb predicted a banner summer for fishermen in central Louisiana because of floods just beginning to abate. "In normal weather," says Lymerb, "bunker bass hang around familiar areas and know where to find food without traveling far or investigating strange baits. But this year they're out and normal and probably they start prowling around and are more likely to fall for a lure."

BLUEFISH: NEW JERSEY: Prospects are bright for another fine bluefish year, says Jersey sport as blues are starting to show offshore in fair numbers. Top boat last Saturday out of Brattle had 25, all taken about four miles off Secaucus Park. Trollers last week did well off Great Kills, Staten Island, where one boat reported 38 fish. Some blues of more than 10 pounds have been taken in pound nets off Staten Island and also in Haritan Bay, but average is about 5 pounds.

MARLAND: Blues abundant in surf near Ocean City without producing heat and OOL.

VIRGINIA* Blues to 10 and 12 pounds are being taken by party boats out of Virginia Beach and Lynnhaven Inlet a few miles offshore, and veteran anglers are predicting that the big fish will move into the Chesapeake Bay in large numbers for the first time in over a decade.

NORTH CAROLINA. Scores of large bluefish, many in 10-pound class, are being caught by offshore anglers from Oregon Inlet and Hatteras. John Wood of Princess Anne, Maryland caught four from 8 to 10 pounds in vicinity of Winkle Shoal off Oregon Inlet last week, and QVG all along Outer Banks.

PACIFIC SALMON: CALIFORNIA: Rough water canceled most trips last week outside Golden Gate, but Monterey trolling was red hot and Edward Tavarez nabbed largest chinook of season, a 34-pounder, to prove it. Released Shasta Dam water will help clear Sacramento River and should improve fishing in lower stretches. In general, OSG of south water embodes.

SAKAMISHI Early run of hump king, due in Skagit River in mid-June, is showing unusually early this year. These big salmon are workers for a No. 1 spoon or a salmon plug trolled in the river. The first fish of the season this week's top catches were 32-pounder landed by John C. Johnson of Seattle and 40½-pounder taken by Vic Karama of Anacortes. Skagit anglers are also catching a few chinooks, but an underwater mass recorder reads little bottom of Gilligan Creek where a number of kings to 36 pounds have been taken on cherry jacks. The hatchery is also releasing chinooks on Juan Islands. First Lawrence of Great Britain was center of action last week, providing limits of fish to 25 pounds. Other worthwhile Puget Sound spots are Neah Bay and Seon, where the hatchery is also releasing chinooks.

otterbox; Sattum River near Stayton producing first catches of spring chinook almost on casting and spin-fishing tackle.

ATLANTIC SALMON: MAINE: Air Force Technician Leo Gilmore of Frankfort struck a 26-pound 1-ounce blow for the dry-fly set when he whopped the year's heaviest Maine salmon after it rose to a No. 4 Hair fly at the Academy Pool on the Narragansett River last week. Gilmore took one hour and five minutes to bring the fish to gaff. River 8H, OF; total rod-bill now over 15 for season.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

3-dramas by de Lint. **2-RP** **10-UP**, **1P** **2P** **3P** **4P** **5P** **6P** **7P** **8P** **9P** **10P** **11P** **12P** **13P** **14P** **15P** **16P** **17P** **18P** **19P** **20P** **21P** **22P** **23P** **24P** **25P** **26P** **27P** **28P** **29P** **30P** **31P** **32P** **33P** **34P** **35P** **36P** **37P** **38P** **39P** **40P** **41P** **42P** **43P** **44P** **45P** **46P** **47P** **48P** **49P** **50P** **51P** **52P** **53P** **54P** **55P** **56P** **57P** **58P** **59P** **60P** **61P** **62P** **63P** **64P** **65P** **66P** **67P** **68P** **69P** **70P** **71P** **72P** **73P** **74P** **75P** **76P** **77P** **78P** **79P** **80P** **81P** **82P** **83P** **84P** **85P** **86P** **87P** **88P** **89P** **90P** **91P** **92P** **93P** **94P** **95P** **96P** **97P** **98P** **99P** **100P** **101P** **102P** **103P** **104P** **105P** **106P** **107P** **108P** **109P** **110P** **111P** **112P** **113P** **114P** **115P** **116P** **117P** **118P** **119P** **120P** **121P** **122P** **123P** **124P** **125P** **126P** **127P** **128P** **129P** **130P** **131P** **132P** **133P** **134P** **135P** **136P** **137P** **138P** **139P** **140P** **141P** **142P** **143P** **144P** **145P** **146P** **147P** **148P** **149P** **150P** **151P** **152P** **153P** **154P** **155P** **156P** **157P** **158P** **159P** **160P** **161P** **162P** **163P** **164P** **165P** **166P** **167P** **168P** **169P** **170P** **171P** **172P** **173P** **174P** **175P** **176P** **177P** **178P** **179P** **180P** **181P** **182P** **183P** **184P** **185P** **186P** **187P** **188P** **189P** **190P** **191P** **192P** **193P** **194P** **195P** **196P** **197P** **198P** **199P** **200P** **201P** **202P** **203P** **204P** **205P** **206P** **207P** **208P** **209P** **210P** **211P** **212P** **213P** **214P** **215P** **216P** **217P** **218P** **219P** **220P** **221P** **222P** **223P** **224P** **225P** **226P** **227P** **228P** **229P** **230P** **231P** **232P** **233P** **234P** **235P** **236P** **237P** **238P** **239P** **240P** **241P** **242P** **243P** **244P** **245P** **246P** **247P** **248P** **249P** **250P** **251P** **252P** **253P** **254P** **255P** **256P** **257P** **258P** **259P** **260P** **261P** **262P** **263P** **264P** **265P** **266P** **267P** **268P** **269P** **270P** **271P** **272P** **273P** **274P** **275P** **276P** **277P** **278P** **279P** **280P** **281P** **282P** **283P** **284P** **285P** **286P** **287P** **288P** **289P** **290P** **291P** **292P** **293P** **294P** **295P** **296P** **297P** **298P** **299P** **300P** **301P** **302P** **303P** **304P** **305P** **306P** **307P** **308P** **309P** **310P** **311P** **312P** **313P** **314P** **315P** **316P** **317P** **318P** **319P** **320P** **321P** **322P** **323P** **324P** **325P** **326P** **327P** **328P** **329P** **330P** **331P** **332P** **333P** **334P** **335P** **336P** **337P** **338P** **339P** **340P** **341P** **342P** **343P** **344P** **345P** **346P** **347P** **348P** **349P** **350P** **351P** **352P** **353P** **354P** **355P** **356P** **357P** **358P** **359P** **360P** **361P** **362P** **363P** **364P** **365P** **366P** **367P** **368P** **369P** **370P** **371P** **372P** **373P** **374P** **375P** **376P** **377P** **378P** **379P** **380P** **381P** **382P** **383P** **384P** **385P** **386P** **387P** **388P** **389P** **390P** **391P** **392P** **393P** **394P** **395P** **396P** **397P** **398P** **399P** **400P** **401P** **402P** **403P** **404P** **405P** **406P** **407P** **408P** **409P** **410P** **411P** **412P** **413P** **414P** **415P** **416P** **417P** **4**



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COMING EVENTS

May 31 through June 9

FRIDAY, MAY 31

Boxing

- Clarence Holbert vs. Harold Johnson, heavyweights (10:00 p.m.) St. Nick's, New York (20 p.m. (NBC))

Track & Field

- ICA championships, New York (through June 1)
- Complete Relay, Compton, Calif.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1

Auto Racing

- M.C. National Race, Washington, D.C. (through June 2)
- SCCA Sportsman Race, Dunbar, N.Y. (through June 2)

Baseball

- Chicago White Sox vs. Detroit Tigers, Chicago, 2:15 p.m. (CBS)
- Cincinnati Redlegs vs. Chicago Cubs, Cincinnati, 2:15 p.m. (Metroland)
- Washington Senators vs. Boston Red Sox, Washington, D.C., 1:30 p.m. (NBC)

Boat Show

- First Annual Cape Cod Boat Show, Taunton-Barnstable, Mass.

Horse Racing

- Camden, Maryland, \$10,000 3-yr.-olds & up, 1:14 m. Camden State Park, N.J.
- Cumberland Fair Handicap, \$25,000 3-yr.-olds & up, 1:14 m. (trial count), Belmont, Md., 6:25 p.m. (NBC)
- Golden State Stakes, Handicap, \$25,000 3-yr.-olds & up, 1:14 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.
- Palm-Pan Handicap, \$25,000 3-yr.-olds, 1:14 m. Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:50 p.m. (NBC)
- The Kent, \$25,000 3-yr.-olds, 1:14 m., Delaware Park, Del.

Lacrosse

- Navy vs. Army, Annapolis, Md.

Motorcycling

- National 125cc motorcycle endurance run, Pasadena, Calif. (through June 2)

Rodeo

- The Arkansas Oklahoma Rodeo, \$8,750, Fort Smith, Ark. (first day)

Tennis

- New England Championships, Newton, Centre, Mass. (through June 5)

Track & Field

- Central College Conference Championships, Milwaukee
- Maritime Area Championships, Piccadilly, Saint
- Pacific Area Championships, Spokane, Calif.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2

Auto Racing

- NASCAR, Coorsville, Division Race, Waverly, N.C.
- National SCCA Race, Fort Worth
- USAC 100-mile National Championships, Big Car Race, Longhorne, Pa.

Baseball

- New York Yankees vs. Baltimore Orioles, New York, 2 p.m. (Metroland)

Golf

- Palm Beach Championships, final day, \$15,000, New Philadelphia, N.Y. (Metroland Radio, NBC TV)

MONDAY, JUNE 3

Boxing

- Bob Satterfield vs. John Medaris, heavyweights (10:00 p.m.), Las Vegas, Nev.
- Eddie Red vs. Frank Segalino, welterweights (10:00 p.m.), St. Nick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (Quibler)

Horse Racing

- The Arch, \$10,000 3-yr.-old fillies 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4

Golf

- U.S. Senior Tour, Tampa, Fla., N.Y. (through June 2)

Horse Racing

- Hollywood Stakes, \$20,000 3-yr.-old fillies 1 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.

Rodeo

- 23rd Annual Midland Rodeo, \$5,750, Midland, Texas (through June 2)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Short Track Division Race, Manassas, Va.

Baseball

- New York Giants vs. Milwaukee Braves, New York, 1:15 p.m. (Metroland)
- AAA National Annual Divisional Tourney, Alpine, Texas (through June 7)

Boxing

- Ed Tarble vs. Tony Bahama, welterweights (10:00 p.m.), Miami Beach, Fla., 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

The Eclipse Derby 3-yr-olds (colts and fillies), 116 m.,
Eclipse Downs, England
Nuerpore Handicap \$20,000, 3-yr-olds & up (fillies
and mares), 7 f., Belmont, N.Y.
Polly Drummond Stakes, \$10,000, 2-yr-old fillies, 5 f.,
Cromwell Park, Del.
The Juvenile \$15,000, 2-yr-olds, 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

Horse Show

Pacific Coast Quarter Horse Assoc. Show, Bakersfield,
Calif. (through June 6)

Soccer

International Soccer match Glasgow Celtic vs. San
Francisco All Stars, San Francisco

Track & Field

New England Area Championships, Arlington, Mass.
(through June 6)

THURSDAY, JUNE 6

Baseball

- New York Giants vs. Milwaukee Braves, New York, 7:35
p.m. (NBC)

Golf

Lakewood PGA Championship, \$7,500, Pittsburgh (through
June 9)
Robbie City Open \$22,000, Akron (through June 9)

Horse Racing

Camdena Stakes, \$20,000, 2-yr-old fillies, 5 f., Hollywood
Park, Calif.
(Trotters)
Guthrie Test, \$15,000, free-for-all, 1 m., Yorktown, N.Y.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7

Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible Division Race, Atlanta
NASCAR Short Track Division Race, Waterford, Calif.

Baseball

San Clemente Island Race, San Diego (through June 9)

Boxing

- Gene Palmet vs. Ralph Tiger Jones, middleweights (10
rds.), Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Golf

League of Lower Lakes team trophy, Cleveland (through
June 9)
Tournament of Champions, Johnstown, Pa. (through June
9)

Lacrosse

North-South All-Star Game, Baltimore

Track & Field

NAAU Championships, San Diego (through June 9)

SATURDAY, JUNE 8

Auto Racing

National SCCA Race, Lime Rock, Conn. (through June 9)
NASCAR Short Track Division Race, Gardens, Calif.

Baseball

- Brockton Dodgers vs. Cincinnati Redlegs, Brooklyn, 1:35
p.m. (Mutual)
- Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Milwaukee Braves, Pittsburgh,
1:25 p.m. (ABC)
- Detroit Tigers vs. New York Yankees, Detroit, 2:15 p.m.
(CBS)

NCAA Basketball Tournament, Omaha (through June 10)

Baseball

New York Yacht Club Spring Sailing Regatta, Greenwich,
Conn. (through June 9)

Dog Shows

Greenwich Kennel Club Show, Greenwich, Conn.
Kensington Kennel Club Show, Kensington, N.Y.

Fencing

National Fencing Championships, Milwaukee (through
June 10)

Horse Racing

Argonaut Handicap \$25,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 m.,
Hollywood Park, Calif.
Lovered Potomac Stakes, \$10,000, 3-yr-olds, 116 m.,
Schuylkill Park, Del.
McIntosh Handicap, \$10,000, 2-yr-olds & up, 1 m.,
Belmont Park, N.Y.
The Chicagoan \$10,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 m., Belmont, Ill.

Track & Field

Swedish "Meet of Champions," Hackett,
New York Athletic Club Spring Games, Travers Island,
N.Y.

Pacific Northwest Area Championships, Seattle

South Area Championships, St. Louis

Water Skiing

4th Annual State Bay Tournament, Clear Lake, Calif.
(through June 9)

SUNDAY, JUNE 9

Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible Division Race, North Wilkesboro, N.C.
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Mangrove

Baseball

- Brockton Dodgers vs. Cincinnati Redlegs, Brooklyn, 2 p.m.
(Mutual)

Dog Shows

Longhorns-Scotchboro Kennel Club Show, Fairfield, Conn.
Towamencin Valley Kennel Club Show, Baltimore, N.Y.

Motorcycling

National Championship 10 mile Out-Trials Race, Columbus,
Ohio

*See local listing.

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HANES

BIG SHOW...

**At Los Angeles the four foreign milers and a host
of U.S. trackmen give promise of a rousing season**

by JAMES MURRAY

IT WAS a cool California night and a soft breeze rippled the red, white and blue pennants hanging on the floor of the Los Angeles Coliseum. The stadium clock read 8:20 and the temperature 60° as the huge banks of lights picked out the nine athletes in track suits and silhouetted them at their places on the starting line. "Ladies and gentlemen!" cried Announcer Dick Nash. "One of the greatest mile fields ever assembled anywhere is on the track before us! Four men who have run under four minutes!"

There was a great roar from the huge crowd of 43,995, who had come primarily to see this event, 11th on the program of the 17th annual Coliseum Relays last Friday night. The super-runners were then introduced individually: England's Brian Hewson (best time: 3:59.8) and Derek Ibbotson (3:59.4), who had come to town brashly predicting a 3:56 for himself; the Hungarian expatriate Laszlo Tabori (3:59.0), grinning broadly as if pleased to be again in such a lustrous international set; and Australia's dark-haired, serious Mervyn Lincoln (3:58.9). "They look small, don't they?" complained a female spectator, audible in the hush. "They're gonna run, not wrestle," testily reminded her companion. And run they did, like deer.

There were five other runners, all Americans, in the race—but not for long. As soon as the gun sounded, the British Empire runners and Tabori, as if impatient to get the plumbies out of the game, took off at a sprint. "They must think it's the four-forty!" marveled an official, looking at his watch.

The first lap was a bristling 60.2, with Ibbotson going out on the pole. Earlier in the week when he had been told that the home-town miler, Jerome Walters, had posted a 4:01 relay-leg mile last week, Ibbotson expressed the hope Walters could be therefore "useful" in this race. But it was Ibbotson who had to be "useful." Walters was

back in the pack. Hewson, Tabori and the U.S.'s Ted Wheeler, looking like a man hanging onto the tail of a tiger, whirled by. In seventh place and seeming to be satisfied there was Merv Lincoln. Ibbotson paced the field past the half-mile mark in 2:02.1. The three-quarter time was 3:04, and Walters decided to bolt for it. He was forthwith astonished when the flying Lincoln went past him. The Aussie, who regularly jogs 250 miles a month in his homeland, had judged the pace smartly and, after laying an uninspired five seconds off the lead for three quarters, he put Walters away with ease, stormed the last lap in 56.5, flying past his competition to win by three yards. His time was a new meet record but no headline maker: 4:01. Hewson was second with 4:01.4; Tabori, third, 4:01.6; Ibbotson, paying the price for his pace-setting, fourth in 4:02.1. Wheeler had hung onto the tiger's tail to finish fifth.

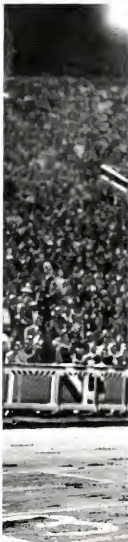
Lincoln's coach, debonair Austrian-turned-Australian, Franz Stampfl, looking—and sounding—very much like a Viennese Rex Harrison in tan suede shoes, notched lapels and a cap with a belt in the back, was content with the race and his athlete. "He's a slow runner but he's got that spurt, hasn't he?" he murmured. Predicted Stampfl: "We'll all be breaking four minutes regularly by the time we get to your American championships at Dayton in June."

The mile was the glamour event of the evening, but it was the steel-legged, bespectacled Army private, Tom Courtney, running as if late to chow line, who made the evening a realistic memory in the record books. Olympic Champion Courtney burst off

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EY FESSEN

FOUR-MINUTE MILERS. (from left) Derek Ibbotson, Laszlo Tabori, Merv Lincoln and Brian Hewson, take their marks.



BIGGER TO COME



BIG SHOW

continued

the starting line in the 880 and ran to the point of exhaustion to defeat his perpetual rival, Arnie Sowell, by a thumping 1.5 seconds and hang up a new world record of 1:46.8. Courtney, who had misplaced his glasses (he runs without them), had to be led to the winners' podium. He stood uncer-

tainly through the presentation for a moment, blinking into the lights and trying to smile, but suddenly, as the photographers focused on him, he blurted: "I gotta upchuck!" He turned and fled for the dressing room.

Later, sheepishly, lounging in a phone booth trying to put through a collect call to his parents' home in Livingston, N.J., he explained: "I took some honey before the race and it

came up in my throat." He was not surprised at the record, he said. "I ran 1:47.8 in the run at Houston last week. I knew I was sharp. I really don't ordinarily take out as fast as I did tonight. But I saw I could get the record after the first quarter. Afterberry [the early leader] ran his quarter in 51.8 and I was about 52.2, so I thought I felt good enough to take out after the record."

There were three other world records broken: in the two-mile relay, tiny (1,400 enrollment) Occidental's team outsped lordly UCLA and USC to break a U.S. Olympic quartet's pending world record for the event by a fraction of a second with 7:22.7. Clocking 1:23.9, the University of Texas team broke the listed 880-yard relay (though 1.2 seconds slower than their pending record set eight weeks ago). The Texans also took the 440 relay, again better than the listed mark but again a tenth of a second slower than the 39.9 pending record they share with Bobby Morrow and the other boys of Abilene Christian.

The pole vault featured an outstanding field of six men who have cleared 15 feet. It matched the new world-record holder, Occidental's Bob Gutowski, against the longtime Olympic champion and world's master vaulter, Bob Richards, for the first time since Gutowski set his record (15 feet, 8 3/4 inches). Also in the field was the Arizona schoolboy, Jim Brewer. Young Brewer, who had never seen so many people in one place before, hung up 14-6. Richards topped 15 feet for the 120th time in his career but dropped out at 15-3, soaring underneath the crossbar on one attempt. Gutowski, in one glittering jump, cleared 15-6 by what appeared to be several inches and the bar was set at 15-9 for the assault on his own world record. The whole stadium tensed for the event, and Bob Richards at this sober moment when he was being supplanted as king of the vault was having his customary gay time overloading his rival with last-minute advice.

Richards paced around the pit as Gutowski made ready for his three jumps. "Gee, does he look good," moaned the reverend. "He must be holding that pole at 13-9. He has a real chance." Out on the runway, Gutowski came padding down, pole at the ready, in the peculiar sitting-down stride that vaulters effect while on the dead run. The pole was planted—but without authority—and Gutowski slammed into the crossbar. Richards shot over to offer advice. "You



RECORD BREAKER TOM COURTNEY STANDS WITH RIVAL ARNIE SOWELL ON VICTORY PODIUM

NEWLYWED OLYMPIANS DLGA FIKOTOVA AND HAROLD GORNOLLY WATCH POLE VAULTERS



can't hit it dead," he scolded. "Drive that pole in. Don't plant it lazy. If you plant it lazy, you're dead. If you drive it in, you've got it made."

Gutowski looked at him poker-faced. Richards withdrew outside the line. Gutowski poised for a second try. He took off. "Look at those knees, boy!" whistled Richards. "Beautiful! Beautiful!" Gutowski soared up, over—and flicked the bar off with his chest. He tumbled into the sawdust. Richards flew over to him again. "If you'll just slam that pole in, you've got it made. Get it in there and get that whip," he admonished.

Back on the sidelines, Richards looked wistfully at the crossbar. "That pole of his has got terrific whip to it. That's where I've been making my mistake. I have too stiff a shaft. I've got to get a whippy shaft, too." On the runway, Gutowski was starting again. "He's fast in the runway," exclaimed Richards, getting excited again. "I'm pretty fast, but he beats me by two or three yards in a hundred. He's arcing over nicely now. And he's bigger in the arms and the chest. I wonder if he's lifting weights."

On the runway, Gutowski slammed his pole into the slot, arched up and over. But the bar toppled and his record try was over. Richards turned and picked up his vaulting pole and said reflectively, "I still believe if I get a whippy shaft I can go to 16 feet. I can do it."

SWITCH BY O'BRIEN

The field events otherwise were marked by the defection of Parry O'Brien, who abandoned the shotput only to win the discus with 181 feet 10 inches. This did not please the outspoken Fortune Gordien, habitual champion, who came in second by five feet. "I don't think much of a guy who when he gets beat quits his sport," he cracked. (O'Brien lost to Bill Nieder in his last shotput. And Nieder won the Coliseum event with a new meet record, beating O'Brien's, of 60 feet 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.)

Abilene Christian's incomparable Bobby Morrow, who patiently outwaited three false starts while his competitors scattered off the corks like startled quail, won the 100-yard dash as usual, and ran the fastest Coliseum hundred ever, beaking Charlie Paddock's 29-year-record 9.5, seeming to run, as he always does, at something less than top speed. Oklahoma A&M's fast-improving Orlando Huxley was up with Morrow for 70 yards before slipping to second with 9.6.



NEW KING OF THE VAULTERS. BOB GUTOWSKI FAILS IN LAST TRY AT RECORD 16 FEET 10 INCHES

It was, altogether, a formful night—if there was any departure from form it was Milt Campbell's victory in the 120 high hurdles. After a winter season of many close seconds and several convincing wins, Milt Campbell hoisted his football fullback's 220 pounds over the high hurdles in 13.6 to clip Olympic Champion Lee Calhoun by a tenth of a second.

The following night most of the glittering troupe trekked 250 miles northward to Modesto where Courtney ducked the half mile to run the 440 and win over the best of the western collegians in 46.6. At Modesto, Derek Ibbotson won the mile, with Lincoln second, and Hewson moved down to the half to beat Arnie Sowell and slap a bit more dust in the face of American

runners. "Our appearances ought to be a challenge to the young fellows of the States to get your own four-minute men," Derek Ibbotson grinned. One of those who plans to pick up the challenge is Tom Courtney. This week on the crushed brick and adobe track at the Compton Relays, Courtney will go against the foreigners in the mile. The following week, at Houston, the foreigners may have a go against the Olympic champion, Irishman Ron Delany, who himself has kicked dust into the best of faces. With the competition shaping up as the best ever in a non-Olympic year, the Austrian track genius Franz Stamfl was in ecstasy. "By the 1960 Olympics," Stamfl predicted, "a 3:59 mile might not even get you in." **END.**



TOP WINNER, Charles Ross of Seattle, calls race an "endurance contest."

DRAMAMINE DERBY

Draped in foul weather gear and fortified by seasick pills, northwestern yachtsmen aim for the rugged Swiftsure race

SEVERAL years ago a Seattle skipper named Dolph Zubick, who was rated one of the best racers in Puget Sound, decided to test himself on something a little rougher than the protected waters of the sound. So he entered the Swiftsure race, a 124-mile out-and-back event that starts and finishes at Brothie Ledge off Victoria, B.C., with the Swiftsure Bank Lightship as the turn-around point. For a beginner he did very well—third in the fleet. But after battling the boiling tides and 40-knot headwinds that can turn the Straits of Juan de Fuca into a sea witch's caldron virtually any day of spring, and skidding down the backs of giant rollers like the one bearing down on John Hellsell's *Westward Ho* (opposite), Skipper Zubick was ready to swear off the Swiftsure for life. "I like 'em rugged," he said, "but not that rough. I'll stick to Puget Sound."

The prudent Zubick meant what he said; this year he is not among the 20 entries setting off May 31 to tackle the Swiftsure again. Those who are doing so can be definitely classed as a breed apart from ordinary men, like spelunkers or cliff climbers—addicts who are convinced the thrill is worth the pain.

Mile for mile, there is certainly no rougher race in the U.S. Seattle's Charles Ross, top winner with four victories in eight tries, calls it "more an endurance contest than a battle between individual boats." In the 1955 event, for example, John Graham's 67-foot *Merrif* had weathered all but the last 100 yards in one of the roughest Swiftsures in the 27-year history of the race. She was leading the fleet, coasting alone in the comparative safety of Victoria harbor. Then a sudden squall hit her and snapped off the top 10 feet of her mainmast. With the broken spar dangling from the wires, the battered *Merrif* still managed to limp home first in the fleet.

The 1956 winner, Dr. Carl Jensen's *Adios* (turn page), had her troubles, too. In the latter part of her long downwind run to the finish line, a crewman who was helping to lower the spinnaker dropped a line just as the big sail was coming down on the deck. In a second the spinnaker blew over the side and drifted under the keel. Dr. Jensen had to cut it loose to save the race.

An earlier winner, the sloop *Gossip*, was caught by the wind in the Race Passage narrows and knocked down, her mast flat to the surface, her spinnaker submerged. In two minutes her crew had cut the sheet. Dripping wet, *Gossip* stood up, straightened around and headed for the finish. In 1955 J. Franklin Eddy's 52-foot *Dorade* broached and got

up even faster. "We were ready to cut the halyards and let the sails go," said Eddy, "but before the crew could get to the mast, she took off again."

All the trouble in the Swiftsure, however, does not come from the wind and tide. In the 1950 race a fog rolled in from the Pacific so thick that George Parsons' schooner *Red Jacket* was nearly run down by a freighter. "We heard a whistle," said Parsons. "Next thing we knew a big freighter was bearing down right on us. We turned one way, she turned the other. Closest call we ever had."

Even the lightship hasn't gotten off unscathed in these wild scrambles. The racers usually round the light at night; and unfortunately local fishermen like to anchor around the lightship, flick on their lights and go to bed, thus making it almost impossible for the racers to figure out which boat to go around. In 1955 the ketch *Dragoon* scored a bull's-eye on the lightship. Caught in a tide, her owner, Captain W. L. B. Holmes, misjudged his drift and smashed into the lightship's steel side.

For some odd reason, none of these hardships seems to discourage the regulars, not even the twisting seas that make the Swiftsure racers the biggest crew of Dramamine eaters in the country. "You don't realize," said one, "how rough it is out there." Even the ladies who are sometimes taken along for the gruesome job of cook want to go back for more. Remembering last year's rugged go, Mrs. Thomas A. Short, cook on her husband's 48-foot cutter *Taseo II*, summed up the feelings of the fleet. "It was a horrible pleasure," she said. "Getting around the lightship was terrible. Those big seas. . . First we'd be ahead of it, then behind, then on top of it. Seemed like we'd be there forever. I'd sure like to do it again, though."

—MATT SAYRE

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Kenneth S. Oller

SEATTLE SEASCAPE

For the first time in the 27-year history of the Swiftsure, a photographer captured the drama and scope of America's roughest overnight race. At right he caught John Hellsell's *Westward Ho* when she was half hidden by a towering Pacific roller; and on the following pages he shows other top contenders at dramatic moments in the 124-mile event.





RUSHING DOWNWIND WITH SPINNAKER SET AND MAINSAIL HARD AGAINST HER SPREADERS, DR.



CARL JENSEN'S "ADIOS" SURGES BY RACE ROCKS LIGHT ON HOMEWARD LEG OF SWIFTSURE RACE



KARL HOSTETTER'S SLOOP "KAREN IV" Buries her leeward rail in a sheet of salt spray off the coast of Vancouver Island

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

**BOXING: END OF AN ERA • ROOKIE RIZZUTO • OLD SOLOIER
WITH MEDALS • TEN LETTERS FOR JIM BROWN • GUIDE TO
SIGHTING SAUCERS • MONKEY WRENCH IN THE BULL RING**

THE RESTORATION BEGINS

THIS IS THE END of an era. It is eight years since any heavyweight champion has defended his title for any other promoter than the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president). It is 20 years since any independent promoter put on a heavyweight championship—the Chicago fight in which Joe Louis won the title from Jim Braddock.

Now comes Emil Lence, 5 feet 4 in height but suddenly greater in stature than the towering Norris. Lence has signed Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson to make the first defense of his title against Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson at the New York Giants' Polo Grounds during the week of July 29.

It would seem, indeed, that dynastic power is at an end in boxing. That power began with Tex Rickard, was seized by Mike Jacobs and was bought by Norris. Will Lence become another tyrant?

It doesn't seem likely. Gus D'Amato, manager of Patterson, has made the new design (see page 64). He is already dickering with another renaissance promoter, Jack Hurley, for Patterson's second defense. He is ready to dicker with anyone who meets the new standard: a willingness to compete.

THE NOVICE

IN his first weeks as a radio and TV broadcaster for the Yankees, Phil Rizzuto has made almost as many errors as he did during a full season at shortstop. But he also manages to give his listeners much more real baseball than his more practiced contemporaries, and he never buries his mistakes under avalanches of tired explanations, as they do. Rizzuto corrects himself with a sincerity as spontaneous and direct as one of his old pegs to first.

During the first Yankee game of the season, Mickey Mantle hit a ball toward left field.

"There goes a long drive to deep left field," screamed Rizzuto, his voice rising in anticipation of a home run. On the television screen, the Washington left fielder gathered in the ball many feet short of the fence.

"Gee," blurted Rizzuto, "I've got to learn to judge them better from up here in the booth."

In a recent game with Detroit, Mantle was again batting. Joe Collins was on first.

"Mantle bunts to the left of the mound and he'll beat it out for a hit," Rizzuto yelled with certainty. On the screen, Detroit Pitcher Paul Foytack fielded the ball and, with no chance to get the speedy Mantle, threw to second just in time to force the slow-moving Collins, thus depriving Mantle of a hit.

"There I go again," apologized Rizzuto. "Me and my big mouth."

Rizzuto is still a rookie. In time he'll acquire polish. His voice will lose its boyish eagerness and assume a practiced resonance. He'll make fewer mistakes. When that day comes, he won't be as much fun to listen to.

THE COLONEL RETIRES

WHEN the Colonel walked up to the registration desk at the Hotel Statler in New York, the room clerk shook his head and said he was sorry but he couldn't accommodate him. Then the Colonel gave him a look, and the room clerk found himself saying maybe he could fix him up after all.

Just before the Colonel arrived at the studio to appear on Wendy Barrie's television program, Miss Barrie said she wanted a chair kept between her

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

● Shock of the Week

In a week in which the Yankees lost a two-game series to the White Sox—with Mickey Mantle and Billy Martin making horrible bobbles afield—a Page One banner in the New York *World-Telegram* and *Sun* made it seem that anyone could beat the champs: FORMOSA MOSS BEAT YANKEE. Then Yankee fans relaxed—it was only bad news from the Far East.

● Calumet's Regular

Iron Horse, the Kentucky Derby winner who lost his chance at the Triple Crown when Bold Ruler beat him in the Preakness, cheered even his heretofore skeptical jockey, Willie Hartack, with a record-breaking performance in the \$62,400 Jersey Stakes at Garden State. Said Hartack, who will ride him in the Belmont June 15: "He's a real runner."

● South vs. North

Alumni of UCLA, Southern Cal and the University of California are boiling like ante-bellum Southerners at the refusal of the FCC majority (a Northern crowd) to ease last year's penalty ban. Secession talk is now near the Summer stage.

● Yankees Come Home

The USLTA is cracking down: top American tennis players have been told to head for home after Wimbledon closes in early July to help brighten U.S. summer events—instead of lingering for the remaining European tournaments.

and the Colonel at all times. Then the Colonel walked in and gave her that look, and before Miss Barrie quite knew what she was doing she threw her arms around the Colonel and kissed him.

If it has now been inferred that the Colonel is no ordinary person, that is only part of it. He is no person at all. He is Ch. Rock Falls Setter, a strong, handsome English setter, the greatest show-winning sporting dog of all times, and he traveled to New York from his home in Richmond, Virginia to participate in ceremonies formalizing his retirement as an active campaigner.

These ceremonies were scheduled to follow a box lunch of the English Setters Association of America which had



been announced for 12 noon at the Morris & Essex show at Madison, New Jersey. What with one thing and another (including the judging of 62 Gordon and English setters), the guests were not handed their lunch boxes until 4:10 p.m. People complained about the delay, but the Colonel did not. He slept most of the time but was glad to get up when his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Holt, brought somebody around to meet him.

The Colonel charmed all comers and it was easy to see how he had captivated the room clerk and Miss Barrie and the judges who, over the years, had declared him Best of Breed 173 times, Best of Group 162 times and Best in Show 101 times. When he was brought out into the ring to pose for the photographers with the silver tray inscribed with his great record, his talents were all the more evident, and when his grandson, Phantom Brook's Whirlwind, a puppy class winner, was brought out to pose with him, the Colonel steadied the lurching, loose-jointed youngster instantly with a special look apparently reserved for members of the family.

The Holts attribute the Colonel's phenomenal success as a show dog to the fact that he has been, from his puppy days, a household pet. He has always had his own adult-sized single bed in the Holts' bedroom. He has known no professional handlers, and when he went into a ring, it was with the master he knew so well. This, said the Holts, accounted for his air of total

relaxation that showed him to the best possible advantage.

"He has the sweetest disposition," said Mr. Holt, a lean, bronzed man in his 50s, "of any dog I've ever known." Mrs. Holt nodded and elaborated a bit. "What he is," she said, "is a perfect gentleman."

What will the Colonel do now that he has retired at age 9? Why, the Holts agreed, he will probably devote a little more time to one of his principal interests: chasing a Richmond neighbor's cats.

UPDATING JIM BROWN

CHANCES ARE, unless you live around Syracuse, N.Y., you haven't heard much about the All-America halfback Jim Brown since he scored 21 points in the Cotton Bowl last New Year's Day, but an athlete like Jim doesn't just kick off his cleats and sit around waiting for Commencement. Moreover, at Syracuse, where the versatile big Negro athlete is regarded as a latter-day Jim Thorpe, virtually every division of the athletic department had plans for him.

Track Coach Bob Grieve wanted Brown for track and field—because two years ago, under Grieve's tutelage, he was good enough to take fifth in the National AAU decathlon championships. Baseball Coach Ted Kleinhans wanted Brown for his pitching staff—Big Jim threw two no-hitters in high school. And Lacrosse Coach Roy Simmons wanted Brown back as a midfielder. Brown took lacrosse.

The team was strong this year, the schedule weak. In the first six games Brown was used with sporting restraint, yet he scored 22 goals. Syracuse won the next three games also, and Brown chipped in 20 more goals. This brought Syracuse to its wind-up game with Army the other day. A victory would give the Orange its first undefeated lacrosse season since 1924. And a big day for Jim Brown would give him the major-college scoring title: he needed only two more goals to win it.

Well, a few days before the game, Track Coach Bob Grieve appealed to his old decathlon pupil. The track team had had a disappointing season and Colgate was coming to town. Would Brown throw the javelin against Colgate in the early afternoon, before the lacrosse game started? Brown said he sure would and, before he was through, agreed to compete in the discus and high jump as well.

So, while lacrosse buffs stewed over

such a waste of energy, Brown fulfilled his promise to Grieve. By 2:10 p.m. he had won the high jump, by 2:45 the discus, and at 3:05—as his lacrosse mates were suiting up—Big Jim placed second in the javelin. Syracuse won the meet by the margin of Brown's 13 points.

By 3:15 Brown had tugged off his track gear and switched to his lacrosse suit. In the game that followed he stood in for nearly every face-off, and gathered in the ball 13 times out of 17. Army double-teamed him, sometimes triple-teamed him, so he seldom got a good shot. His personal score for the day was one goal and three assists. But Syracuse won 8-6, and so achieved its unbeaten season. Brown settled for a tie (43 goals) for the nation's scoring title.

This week as class marshal (and 10-letter man—football, track, lacrosse, basketball), Jim Brown will lead his fellow seniors into the stadium at Syracuse for commencement exercises. Then he will start thinking about his next assignment, playing professional football for the Cleveland Browns. Everybody knows that a first-year man can't expect to cut much of a swath with a pro football team. But don't say that in Syracuse.

UFOLOGY

THE BRITISH have a new outdoor sport. Loosely called "saucer sighting," it is the big brother of bird watching, which it transcends in potential excitement as much as prospecting for uranium transcends bug hunting.

Among true addicts, who now number tens of thousands, the slang term "saucer" or "flying saucer" is replaced



by the new word "UFO," short for Unidentified Flying Object. Experts call themselves "ufologists" and their studies "ufology."

Reported appearances over Britain—as over the U.S.—of mysterious aerial forms, extraterrestrial in speed and maneuverability, have been denied, belittled or explained away by highest official sources. But you can't discourage spirited British sportsmen as the Pentagon discourages us rapine Americans. Over there, it appears, too many witnesses have testified too

continued



"You've got it. Two bucks on Hasty Dancer in the fourth at Hollywood Park, two bucks on Sleeping Beauty at Belmont and a fin on Snodgrass to beat Bloomgarden on Monday night."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

explicitly for Whitehall to bury the subject in ridicule. Besides, stalwart among the believers stands Lord Dowding, the man who, as Air Chief Marshal, fought and won the Battle of Britain.

Last year the British UFOlogists formed an International UFO Observer Corps and called on all honest men to come to the aid of their party. Now they have published a sighting manual, with report forms returnable to the *Flying Saucer Review* (No. 1 Doughty St., London), as guidance for motorists, picnickers, dedicated sky watchers or ordinary stay-at-homes. To enhance his chance of sighting something about a zillion times as breathtaking as a water ouzel or a nightjar—and doing something useful about it—the methodical Briton is now advised to proceed as follows:

Carry a compass of all times—a cheap one will do. Binoculars, too, when you can. Also sunglasses, and a transparent pocket ruler to be held at arm's length when measuring diameters and distances.

To estimate height, note cloud formations carefully.

Time is of the essence—the date's exact hour and minute, and elapsed times of transit or other maneuver.

When you are indoors, if your TV flutters, go out and look around. UFOs make no sound but they affect electronic tubes as conventional aircraft do, often more so.

Watch birds and animals for reactions in clear weather like those they exhibit before thunderstorms.

Watch contrails of high-flying known aircraft. UFOs often appear near these.

A half hour before sunrise and after sunset, things high in the sky reflect the sub-horizon sun. Watch then.

Places that UFOs visit often include these: high-tension systems, airfields (used and disused), military installations, geologic fault lines, nuclear power plants and laboratories. Watch near these.

"Witnesses besides yourself," the outline thoughtfully concludes, "are of paramount importance."

TECHNICAL ADJUSTMENTS

SPANISH BULLFIGHTS are as delicately put together as Swiss watches, and when one thing gets out of adjustment, everything else does too. Recently the Spanish government ordered the

padding on the picadors' horses cut from 80 kilograms to 15—and everything about the bullfight was affected, from the gate receipts to the number of ears awarded by the judges.

The picador's job is to mount an old and expendable nag and ride out with a steel-pointed spear which he jabs several times into the bull's neck muscle. The bull, with his power to gore and toss thus reduced, is then taken over and worked by the matador.

On a well-padded horse the picador is safe and can jab away until the bull is thoroughly workable. But on one with little padding, or none, the picador is likely to find himself on his own two feet, with a gored and dying horse on one side and a charging bull on the other. Faced with this possibility he can't work nearly as well and is able to do far less toward weakening the bull for the kill. Some matadors dislike this; they prefer to have the picador deliver up to them half-debilitated bulls rather than furiously aroused ones. Others meet the new challenge with a courage which forces the ecstatic judges to award more than the usual number of ears and tails.

After a few days of using the thinner padding in Madrid, bullfight managers wailed last week that the rule would ruin their business: the sight of eviscerated horses would drive the tourists away forever. Besides, even old plugs cost money and the 10-day festival of San Isidro had seen 12 of them gored, killed and dragged away. The weight limit on padding was raised in mid-festival to 25 kilograms, and cynics predicted that it would eventually climb back to 60.

In view of the fact that the govern-

ment had ordered padding put on the picadors' horses in the first place (in 1928) why had it backtracked now? Well, the feeling has been growing in Spain the last few years that, what with purging and starving animals to make them weak, shaving horns to make them hypersensitive and dulling them to make them harmless, the bullfight was being rigged just a little too strongly against the bull.

MATTER OF TRADITION

EVERY BOY in New Zealand has an ambition to be an All Black when he grows up. The Blacks, the country's touring international Rugby side, are acknowledged world champions at Rugby football since they beat the Springboks of South Africa last year. When mothers want to encourage small boys to eat their porridge and spinach they do so by telling them that is the way to grow up big and tough and be an All Black.

Last week New Zealand faces fell. The big and tough All Blacks are touring Australia, and the staggering news which filtered back to New Zealand was that the All Blacks had almost bought out the stock of an Aussie shop selling women's nylon panties.

They wanted them, if possible, without frills and, for tradition's sake, in pure black. The reported reason was that on the hard Australian grounds the New Zealanders were getting painful grass burns when tackled. They had tried foam rubber protection under their shorts but the arrangements, whatever they were, hadn't worked. The move to nylon underlinings had been made with the greatest reluctance.

New Zealand had only one consolation: playing their first match in the new equipment, the All Blacks beat the Aussies 33-6.

DR. ROMMEL'S DIAGNOSIS

AS A NATIVE, and solid, citizen of Baltimore, the American League umpire Eddie Rommel is as well known there as any banker or auto dealer, and as often the subject of a lunchtime story. In the one now current in Baltimore a baseball fan inquires of Eddie why he threw Manager Paul Richards out of a ball game.

Rommel: Richards wasn't feeling well.

Fan: Oh, come on now. Was that reason enough to throw him out of the ball park?

Rommel: It certainly was. He said he was sick of my decisions.



MONEY PLAYER

Pitching is a funny trade.
Almost beyond belief;
Sometimes one makes a lot of dough
By being on relief.

—ROBERT FRYER

OUT ALIVE AT 100 MPH



THE EXPLOSION of timber and sandbags (*above*) conceals the hurtling Vanwall racer of Britain's Stirling Moss, whose front brakes have just failed during a looping turn in the Grand Prix of Monaco. When the front-running Moss felt only his rear brakes holding at 100 mph, he elected to plow into the barrier rather than risk going into the bordering Mediterranean. Seconds later, miraculously alive (*left*), Moss sprinted from the wreck, apprehensively glancing back as Peter Collins' Ferrari bore down upon him. Collins was unable to clear the debris and plowed into the seawall. Mike Hawthorn's Ferrari lost its right front wheel and joined Collins' machine against the wall. The imperturbable Juan Manuel Fangio, running third when Moss went out, was lying far enough back to be able to maneuver through to eventual victory. Luckily, all drivers escaped without serious injury. Said a frustrated Moss: "I warned the organizers of the race that curve was dangerous."



FOUR COMPANY PRESIDENTS watched morning tee-off of tournament foursomes, then took off for a friendly round themselves. The observers: James M. Symes of the Pennsylvania R.R.;

Harrison Eltelborg of Morgan Coal Co., Indianapolis; Walter Tuckey of Chesapeake & Ohio R.R. and The Greenbrier; and Raymond E. Salvati of Island Creek Coal Co., Huntington, West Va.

WILLIAM CLAY FORD, vice-president of Lincoln and Continental, tries out new vehicle before teeing off in quartet with Jay Hebert, Bill Curran, Dan Topping.



T. SUFFERN TAILOR of Long Island teamed with Mike Souchak, wore most popular hat on course—a raffia straw.



WILLIAM HOLLOWAY of New York, playing with Ben Hogan, wore the newer popular hole shirt.



SAM SNEAD'S FESTIVE BLOWOUT

THE PUCKERING GENTLEMAN to the right is none other than Samuel Jackson Snead, serenading a ballroom filled with guests at his old stamping ground, The Greenbrier, with his version of *The Sheik of Araby*. The night before, Snead received a testimonial dinner, was presented with a gold-plated putter, and the annual Greenbrier pro-amateur tournament was named the Sam Snead Festival in honor of his 20th year as Greenbrier pro. It was a festival full of the Old South charm that permeates the historic resort in the West Virginia Alleghenies. And assembled to honor Snead and play the beautiful courses were top men of golf, business and society. Dutch Harrison stole the Sunday show from Snead with a dazzling 8-under-par 62, to take first-prize money of \$2,300 from the tournament chairman, Chris Dunphy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RENNIS STOCK



TRUMPET-PLAYING SNEAD, backed by Meyer Davis' band, highlighted evening's entertainment at the Sam Snead Festival Ball at Greenbrier. Snead shot a 268 in tournament, tied Paul Harney for second place.

JOHN R. McLEAN, snappiest dresser in the tournament, wore alpaca shirt, raffia hat, kitten shoes.



MRS. HARRY DAUMIT of Golden Beach, Fla., wife of Lustre-Creme founder, also sported a rakish raffia straw hat.



PAUL V. SNIEDS, stockbroker, yachtsman and golfer, practices on putting green, with Greenbrier's springhouse behind. He was in Ben Hogan's foursome.



TENNIS ANYWHERE? IF NEED BE,



PROFESSIONAL SIDELINERS are Drs. Sidney Keller and Irving Bricker, Attorney Bernard Katzen and Manufacturer Alan Nickelsburg.

LOCKER ROOM POST-MORTEM is a laughing matter to Fertig, Salesman Robert Kerlasha and Fashion Consultant Gilbert Tiliard.



IN THE SKY

THE INGENUITY of a sportsman deprived of the inalienable right to pursue his sport is an awesome thing. When the last public tennis courts in midtown Manhattan were about to give way to skyscrapers, Tennis Bull Lawrence Fertig, adman and financial columnist, suggested to friends that they take to the roofs. Fertig agreed to be the angel for the project. Finally, a friendly, sturdy rooftop was found atop the United Parcel Building on 38th Street near the East River Drive. Logistical problems were met and conquered. There was no elevator above the 10th floor, so 8,800 wheelbarrowfuls of brick, sand and cement had to be hoisted from the 10th floor to the roof. Cinders were laid six inches thick beneath the three Har-Tru courts to make them fast-drying enough to be playable virtually all year. A tennis house with men's locker room, ladies' dressing room and pro shop completed the airy center. Today a group of 80 business and professional men reserve the rooftop courts at noon and during similar rush periods, throw open the doors to the general public at other hours.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. PETER SCHROEDER

CENTER'S FOUNDER and president, Lawrence Fertig (seated, wearing V-necked sweater), relaxes with players after a game.



ON TOP OF THE WORLD. players engage in their favorite sport, oblivious to surrounding spires of Manhattan's skyline.

DOUBLES WINNERS in five eastern senior tournaments, Dr. Edward Greenspan and his partner Berkeley Bell exchange plaudits.

WONDERFUL WORLD continued



MOTHER AND CHILD

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT BALMI



This eye-filling landscape with figures, which travelers may confront round the turn of a safari trail in Kenya Colony, demonstrates the desirability of traveling with a gun (or a camera) at the ready. Actually, this enormous black rhino

mother—shown with her leathery offspring—has protected status in Kenya as a kind of territorial treasure. She weighs three tons, is known as Gertrude and has a uniquely curved five-foot horn. Warning: nobody is protected from Gertrude

CADDIE CRISIS AT HAPPY KNOLL

An ugly situation has come to light at the club. They're shooting craps and selling spurious tranquilizers in the caddie room

by JOHN P. MARQUAND



A letter to Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus of the Happy Knoll Country Club, from Mr. Roger Horlick, member of the Board of Governors.

Dear Albert:

I know what you are going to say when you receive this letter. You are going to say that you cannot constantly be called upon to bail out the Happy Knoll Country Club. You are going to add that during the past year there have been too many fiscal crises and contingencies. You are going to ask, as you do always, why it is that certain members of our group who can afford it better than you invariably run out of ready cash whenever the hat is passed. You are also going to say that only last week you contributed generously toward a new set of dentures for Old Tim because his last ones were broken while on duty in the men's locker room when he was seized with a fit of laughter at a practical joke played by one of our many pranksters. Although you remarked at the time that it was hard for you to see how this could be called an employee's injury in line of duty, you also added that you would contribute to anything, however indirect, which might improve Old Tim's personal appearance. When holes were burned in the new Oriental rug in the Pendleton Room during the recent celebration of Benny Muldoon's victory in the Invitation Tournament, you contributed toward the repair bills, mak-

ing only the obvious remark that it might be safer in the future not to have Oriental rugs in the Pendleton Room, particularly if someone has allowed the insurance to lapse. When the rear porch of the clubhouse unexpectedly collapsed as the new deep freeze unit, to which you also subscribed, was being moved across it to the kitchen, you only sent a rhetorical question with your check, which was: If the club building is falling to pieces, why not let it?

You must not think that the Board of Governors, not to mention the whole Happy Knoll membership, is not deeply appreciative of both your generosity and your suggestions. In fact, we are acutely embarrassed that so many new contingencies have recently arisen. I know you will say, having gone this

far with this communication, that I would not have extolled your generosity if something new and serious had not transpired, and in this case, as almost always, you are right.

I need not remind you of your benign and almost paternal interest in the caddie situation at Happy Knoll, which is only exceeded by that of the young advertising executive, Mr. Bob Lawton who, I must have told you, should never have been made a member of the Board of Governors. Unfortunately, if I may say so, you both react toward our caddie problem as though you were demagogic politicians in a welfare state. Yet, though I have sometimes disagreed, I have never violently objected to your eleemosynary steps in this direction because I, too, have found many of the boys who have



LIFE AT HAPPY KNOLL

For the convenience of members, the records and correspondence of the Happy Knoll Country Club, including all of the entries which have appeared during the past two years in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, are being made available under one cover in a book to be published June 10 by Little, Brown and Co. of Boston (price: \$8.75). Entitled *Life at Happy Knoll*, the volume is vouchsafed by the Recording Secretary, Mr. John P. Marquand (left), to be a complete and faithful compendium of the club's important papers for the period covered.

spent their adolescence on the links at Happy Knoll individually beguiling. I hope that you will be as shocked as we on the Board of Governors were when we learned from Benny Muldoon and from Pete, the caddie master, that the caddie house situation, in spite of all the palliatives you have attempted, is deteriorating as rapidly as world situations. We stand at Happy Knoll like our own great country, thinking of the money that has been spent, reviewing our good-will missions and the panel discussions and then wondering what under the sun has happened.

What, you may ask, has happened? Nothing that may not be inevitable in this changing world, but the news is, according to Pete and Benny Muldoon, who are both themselves in a state of deep unrest, that the caddies are leaving Happy Knoll for other places and that if this regressive movement is not very shortly checked, members, I regret to say, will begin pulling golf carts at Happy Knoll.

A haunting specter

I know very well how strongly you feel about this contingency and how often you have said that a boy carrying the bag and replacing divots, even though he is afflicted by hiccups, is an essential part of a golf match. When he has disappeared, you have often said, a human element and a human hazard has also left the game. We know how the specter of pulling a golf cart has always haunted you, and we know also that your aversion does not arise because of class distinction but because of your innate fondness for the game. We know the extraordinary steps you have taken in order to avoid this danger. It was you who had plumbing, something which none of us quite frankly had ever thought of associating with caddies, added to the caddie house. It was you, too, when this change was made, who defrayed from your own pocket the cost of a caddie room equipped with easy chairs, magazines and checkerboards. It is not your fault that the chairs are hardly ever used or the checkerboards, either, because the young men, when inside, are invariably on their knees shooting craps. It may disturb you, but also interest you, that a recent delegation from the Board of Governors to the caddie room discovered there a 5c gambling machine contributed by Old Ned, who oversees its operation. In fact, we believe that this explains why Old Ned has been very anxious lately to convert nickels into dollar bills and why all the

tills at Happy Knoll are filled with only nickels. I do not like to use the word "racket" in connection with Old Ned, but then perhaps the Happy Knoll Country Club is merely the great world in microcosm. It further appeared when our committee looked into the affairs at the caddie house, that certain of the young men have been selling packets of recently invented non-anxiety pills for nervous and unsteady players. This seemed preposterous until pills were discovered behind a pile of *National Geographic* magazines in your caddie rest room. When analyzed, they proved to be salt tablets, but young Tommy Bailey said that Old Ned was selling the tablets and arranging for their distribution. Upon being informed of this story, both Benny Muldoon and Pete said that the Bailey boy had been reading too many comic

books, and when he attempted to question the Bailey boy again he had entirely disappeared.

Unfortunately, not even your rest room, nor the gambling facilities nor pill peddling combined are any longer sufficient to keep caddies at Happy Knoll. It is true you envisaged the problem, and we all have faced the question of what could be done now that teen-agers can pick up \$8 or \$10 for mowing a lawn. Our answer was to make life more glamorous for caddies and, I may say, Benny and Pete have been doing their best to make Happy Knoll the cradle of the Hogans of tomorrow by giving useful golf advice, and Tuesday is caddies' day. It was Bob Lawton, I believe, who inaugurated the Caddies' Tournament and the green caddie hat with H.K.

continued



"We'll have to find some other place to meet from now on, darling. This is quicksand."

HAPPY KNOLL

continued

embroidered on it, and Benny Muldoon himself has made personal calls on caddies' mothers to explain to them the high moral atmosphere of Happy Knoll and its golfers.

Why is it, you may ask, that these intelligent and expensive efforts have borne so little fruit? Some of the Golf Committee have begun blaming the increasing lack of caddie interest on television, and it may be that the American boy is becoming effeminate or beginning to tire of the game of golf—but, frankly, I believe the caddie shortage can be explained in a single word, namely, competition. Frankly, Albert, there are too many golf courses in this area and too few boys at a time when the caddie potential is being cut by wage inflation and other forms of entertainment. Unfortunately, too, other country clubs have also thought of the devices for caddie happiness that have occurred to us here at Happy Knoll. The Hard Hollow Country Club is a painful illustration. Hard Hollow caddie caps, we have discovered, not only have a handsome H H, but an embroidered figure of an American eagle that Hard Hollow club has spuriously adopted as an emblem. In some unexplained manner, Mr. Benton Follen, the only really big stockbroker in Hard Hollow, has discovered a lawyer who has convinced the Bureau of Internal Revenue that a caddie's recreation room is a boys' school and consequently tax-exempt. This has enabled Mr. Follen to pour a huge portion of his paper profits into a building whose tiled showers and foam rubber chairs make your effort at Happy Knoll meager; and I am sorry to say there is a Hard Hollow pinball concession which is somehow also classed as charity. But what is still more disturbing is the growing aggressiveness of individual Hard Hollow members. It has been revealed by our investigation that an intensive canvassing of potential caddies' parents has been made, not by their professional, Jerry Scalponi, but actually by a members' committee. These individuals have not only verbally extolled the advantages of Hard Hollow but have also made unfair and defamatory attacks on Happy Knoll. The rumor, believe it or not, is being spread that the Hard Hollow environment is more salubrious for boys than Happy Knoll and, to prove it, a transcript has been made of the golf language of certain Happy Knoll members, including, we have learned, your

own, Old Ned and his pills have not come off unscathed, either, and several mothers were told by a Hard Hollow member, in front of the meat counter of an A & P store, that Benny Muldoon and Pete run crap games. It was also said in the A & P store that Jerry Scalponi is more interested in teaching caddies golf, is a better instructor of young players and, what is more, was once an Eagle Scout.

I know that such subversions will infuriate you as much as they have the rest of us and we all dislike to have you disturbed while you are still waiting for the final report on your last medical checkup, but something must be done immediately. The immediacy, I regret, is all the greater because of an agreement which our fellow governor, Bob Lawton, who had no business to speak in behalf of the whole club membership, made with Mr. Conrad Richtover

who, as you know, is now the president of Hard Hollow. Unfortunately, the ideas of Mr. Lawton are frequently as unsound as they are dangerous, and his enthusiasm constantly outruns his intelligence. It appears that he and Mr. Richtover met one afternoon at a cocktail party somewhere on Foxhill Road, where Mr. Richtover stated, succinctly I hope, that the only reason any caddie ever worked at Happy Knoll was due to the preposterous tips given them by certain wealthy members. Naturally, Mr. Richtover said, I hope facetiously, caddies were drawn to Happy Knoll by the Jaguars, Cadillac and Bentleys in the parking lot. It seems, according to the somewhat garbled account of Mr. Lawton, that he expressed indignation. Tipping, he said, was impossible for the upstanding American boys who came to Happy Knoll. In fact, he was sure that it did not exist



"I want something that will go with the hideous green of a billboard table."

and he was sure that all our Board of Governors would be glad to make a gentlemen's agreement with Hard Hollow that the members of neither club should tip, however great should be the temptation. You will say, and I will agree with you, that anything said at a Foxhill cocktail party means nothing, but unfortunately Mr. Lawton brought up the question at the recent annual meeting, where it was voted on favorably with the help of our tennis, swimming, backgammon and bridge membership, and there it stands. It means that our last leverage to hold caddies at Happy Knoll club has been pulled out from under us by, frankly, the lack of alcoholic capacity of one of our newer governors. Personally, I had no idea how important the incentive motive was until the no-tipping regulation was suddenly put into practice. Tipping may be a degrading institution, but it is an effective one. Without it, Albert, I am very much afraid that the golf cart is here unless immediate measures are taken.

A plan to remember

You cannot say that we are not ready with an answer. Some of Happy Knoll's best lawyers have been working on one all last week, and here it is. There will be no tipping, but there will be what is known as a Revolving Incentive Fund for Deserving Caddies. This fund will be divided at the end of the season according to merit to pay for caddies' schoolbooks and other school expenses, and that is our hope, although no promise can be made as yet, that the Bureau of Internal Revenue will pass it as an effort as educational and as tax-exempt as that of the caddies' room at Hard Hollow.

When this plan goes into operation, as it must, a huge thermometer will be placed at the door of the golf shop showing the rising amount of dollars being subscribed for the Caddies' Revolving Incentive Fund. If this does not catch the interest of our local youth, we shall all be very much surprised.

The moment the fund is created each caddie will have a card with a point system to be signed by the member who employs him: one point for average work and three points for excellence, but there will also be demerits. These will be: talking, sniffling, coughing and sneezing, one demerit each; laughter, three; taking practice swings with the employer's clubs, four; and 10 demerits for any caddie seen taking a full swing with a putter on any green.

continued



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HAPPY KNOLL

continued

I think you will agree that the formula is not only sound, but it is also sensible.

Think what this Revolving Incentive Fund will mean. It will mean, frankly, that Happy Knoll, because of its financial position, should be able to outbid any effort of Hard Hollow in this direction, whether these contributions are tax-exempt or not. It will mean far more skillful caddies as much pledged to do kind deeds as Boy Scouts. It will mean dedicated boys and the pick of the market. Try to keep them away from Happy Knoll when there is a Revolving Incentive Fund for schoolbooks. Try to make their parents not send them daily.

This idea, I may confess, is entirely

my own, and I can see you catching fire already. The secret of its success is of course the subscription of a large initial sum, and I believe that you or I should start the ball rolling. It must, I am afraid, be something substantial, and I fear I cannot do what I should ordinarily because unfortunately the Government has found an error in my recent tax returns which will set me back for many months to come. But I am sure it is different with you, Albert. What we need is \$1,000 as a starter, and we know you always lead the way, and don't forget that time is of the essence. Why not telegraph the money before you forget it, just as soon as you receive this letter?

With all our thanks in advance.

Most sincerely,
Roger Horlick



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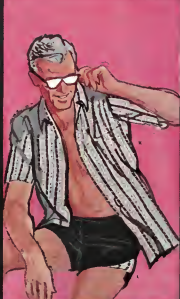


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THEY CALL HIM MR. TROUBLE

A veteran of rough and sand trap, Doug Ford, on the point of retirement last year, is now No. 1 on the pro golf circuit

by GWILYM BROWN

IN THE helter-skelter existence of the touring professional golfer, where toughness of mind and spirit are the prime requisites for survival and a sound game is an almost incidental necessity, Douglas Michael Ford reigns as king. This year he has already won \$30,000, almost twice that of the second-place money winner, and with the Masters championship to go with his large bundle of prize money Mr. Ford, of Yonkers, N.Y., is doing right well for himself.

Going on the professional golfing tour is one of the toughest ways ever devised to make a living. In the first place, there is only about half enough money distributed in prizes to pay for the \$125 to \$300 a week expenses incurred by each of the 50 to 400 pros who enter the tournaments. A second difficulty for the touring pro is that, technically speaking, he is travelling among enemies and not with teammates. Antagonisms develop between players and self-protective cliques are formed almost as a matter of course. One veteran pro is still bitter about his early days on the tour when even in crowded country-club dining rooms he and his young wife used to face the specter of two empty chairs at their table because of the careless, or studied, refusal of other pros to sit down and eat with a "nobody." It finally reduced his wife to tears.

Ford, however, has survived the bruises of professional golf in good fashion and is now solidly ensconced as one of its institutions. He is always generous with advice or encouragement to the newcomers on the circuit. He can point with satisfaction to his own house in Yonkers, N.Y., his pretty wife Marilyn and their two sons and one daughter. He is on the advisory staff

of the Dunlop Rubber Corporation (at \$3,000 per year plus a \$5,000 bonus each time he wins either the Masters, PGA, U.S. Open or Canadian Open), the Gollicraft equipment company (\$6,000 per year) and is the playing pro at the Putnam Country Club in Mahopac, N.Y. (at \$6,500 per year).

TIME TO RETIRE

Though his success this year makes such a possibility seem inconceivable, as recently as last fall this burly, dark-haired son of one golf professional and nephew of three others, was so discouraged with his game that he was ready to abandon the tour and go into at least a temporary retirement. Reared on the municipal courses in and around New York, Ford had turned pro in 1949 at the age of 26 after many years as one of the East's top amateurs. Now, after seven successful seasons and only one year after winning the 1955 PGA, he seemed to have lost his way.

But every career has a turning point, and this point for Ford came last September during the Metropolitan Open. "I was so discouraged about my game," he confessed recently, pushing fingers through thinning black hair, "that I had decided to take about six months off. I hadn't been getting any distance off the tee and I hadn't been winning any money. My game had become so conservative that I had just about stopped scoring."

For several years he had been fading the ball (hitting with a slight left to right drift) and until 1956 had been winning that way. "But during the Metropolitan Open," Ford continued, "the wind was blowing like hell and I had to switch tactics and start hooking the ball into the wind."

continued



FORD'S FAVORITE SHOT FROM TRAP TO PEN



AT MASTERS (BELOW), A GEYSER OF WATER



MR. TROUBLE

continued

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Playing "hooky" in this highly acceptable manner Ford battled the wind for three rounds, and on the final afternoon when the wind abated he turned in a record 66 for the par 73 Inwood Country Club course and for the first time in a year won a tournament. The hook had come to stay.

Thus encouraged, Ford plunged back into major league competition and started winning substantial purses once again. This January he won the Los Angeles and Panama Opens, and climaxed his return to form with the Masters victory at Augusta in April.

Ford has an approach to tournament golf that is shared by most of the other touring professionals, but it is quite a change from the days 40 years ago when Walter Hagen led professional golf out of the back alleys and into the realm of respectability with his swash-buckling, go-for-broke flair in which anything less than first place was dismal ignominy.

"With rare exceptions I never go into a tournament to win," Ford states quite firmly. "What I aim for is just a nice, comfortable chunk of the prize money."

Naturally, it takes a consistently low-scoring game of golf to follow this formula successfully, and one method that Ford uses to maintain the sharpness of his game is to be sure, even in practice rounds, that money is riding on every shot. In warming up for a tournament it is common for him to play \$5 and \$10 Nassau in practice games, frequently with Dow Finsterwald and former Amateur Champion Arnie Palmer, two young touring professionals who are also consistently in the money.

"It's unusual for me to ever play a 'friendly' game of golf," Ford admits quite seriously. "You learn much more by having a little something on the game and you're able to keep yourself much sharper, much tighter. If I just kid around I start getting sloppy and careless."

Watching Ford out on the course is not the esthetic experience one can obtain by following Ben Hogan or Sam Snead. His swing is extremely flat, possibly because his left shoulder does not come around nearly enough, and his drives are hit very low and not very accurately (by his own admission he is "king of the ground hogs"). But one must marvel at the way he scrambles through round after round and yet still turns in winning scores. He will regu-

larly go from tee to rough to sand trap, but he has mastered his short game so thoroughly that trouble of this sort seldom costs him strokes.

Contrary to popular belief, he is as relaxed playing his rounds as any golfer on the circuit. He is all business over the ball, but between shots there is seldom the display of temper or even the petty show of annoyance that characterizes so many golfers who have mis-hit a shot. Around the tee it is not exceptional for him to chat with members of the gallery, wink at an acquaintance or put the head of a small boy who looks up slack-jawed with awe (and perhaps a certain element of fright) at this swarthy, tanned giant who could as well be Captain Kidd brandishing a cutlass as Doug Ford uncovering his driver.

STILL TWO TO GO

Having won the Masters, Ford still has two formidable tournaments ahead of him this year—the U.S. Open on June 13-15 at Inverness and the PGA at Dayton in July. Naturally, for the Open he intends to cast aside all remnants of his "go for the chunk" philosophy because there is no title like an Open title.

"Physically the PGA is a harder tournament," he says, "but nothing can match the pressure to win that exists at the Open. Every golfer there can feel the terrific tempo. You get all charged up like a kid about to enter his first tournament. And if I had to pick a winner I'd take Snead. He's won a lot of four-ball tournaments at Inverness and plays that course like he owns it."

"I'll also do everything I can to win the PGA," Ford adds, "even though I don't care for match play [actually, his match-play ability is highly respected]. When I won at Northville in '55 I was just trying to shoot a score and I didn't care who I was playing, but I seldom have the concentration to operate that way. I think if a guy could concentrate like that all the time he wouldn't get beaten in match play very often."

It is Ed Furgol, who overcame the handicap of a crooked left elbow to win the National Open in 1954, who summarizes perhaps best of all the reasons for Ford's current success, and why he will probably be a winner for many years to come.

"There are about 25 golfers on the tour who can play just as well as Doug Ford," he says, "but he has the interest and enthusiasm and spirit that they lack. He just simply loves everything about the game of golf." (END)

TIP FROM THE TOP



For the average golfer

from DENNY LAVENDER, Cedar Crest Golf Club, Dallas

One of the major points of difference in the swing of a fine golfer and the swing of a hacker is the position of the hands in relation to the club head at the instant of impact. The expert's hands are ahead of the ball. The hacker's are behind it.

This business of getting your hands ahead of the ball at impact is something like the explanation Jack Dempsey used to give for his tremendous hitting power. "I never hit a man on the chin," Dempsey used to say. "I hit through his chin right for the back of his head."

In golf, to get your hands through the ball, you must make a very conscious effort, just before impact, to get your hands a foot past the ball. You have to have the feeling that the club head is lagging well behind the hands as it approaches the ball. Actually, you can't get your hands a foot past the ball—they are never as far in front of the club head as you think—but by making a mental and physical effort to get them there, you will develop the correct action that allows you to hit through the ball with power. When your hands are behind the club head at impact, your power is lost and the best you can do is scoop the ball up weakly and improperly.



correct—hands ahead

incorrect—hands behind

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: MIKE SOUCHAR ON POWER AND BALANCE

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NED'S FLYING CARRIES GENE WEYMOUTH OVER LAST FENCE AND ON TO VICTORY IN THE FIRST RUN FOR THE MARYLAND HUNT CUP.

OF CUPS AND COURAGE

by ALICE HIGGINS

THE EYES of the nation may have been centered on Louisville on a certain Saturday not long ago, but just before, during and after the Kentucky classic a chapter of horse history with a smaller, and perhaps even more select, circulation was also being written. In Maryland, Virginia and Tennessee the peak events of the spring hunt-racing season (which had been under way since March 23 and ends, appropriately enough, this week in Louisville) vied with the Derby for attention, offering not purses but prestige for the gentlemen riders, with cups the prize for a special test of courage.

For one rider, a 24-year-old licensed trainer at Jamaica named Eugene Weymouth, it was an active and satisfying interval in his avocational career of hunt racing. He was aboard the winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup on a horse that was bought eight years ago for \$50. And, though he was downed at the Virginia Gold Cup, he bobbed up again to win the Iroquois steeplechase in his first attempt.

Weymouth, son of a Wilmington,

Del. stockbroker, is one of a family with an affinity for horses. His parents both owned and rode hunters, his sister Patricia is a talented horse-show rider, and his brother Frolic is captain of Yale's polo team. Gene's childhood yen was for steeplechasing, but when he grew up to be a sizable 6 foot 3, weight became an insoluble problem. Timber races, however, are traditionally amateur affairs, and weight allowances always have been high. Gene's 150 to 155 pounds is no handicap.

So in Maryland on the Saturday before Derby Day, Weymouth found himself up on a horse named Ned's Flying, ready—with five other contenders—for the punishing race of four miles over 22 timber fences. The steep, violet-thatched hillside was crowded with some 15,000 spectators. Picnickers had packed their hampers, formed pools and pulled slips for a horse. "Ned's Flying!" exclaimed one spectator, examining his slip, "why, he couldn't win if he cheated!"

He couldn't have been more wrong, but for a while it looked as though

he might be right. When the horses had rounded the course for the first time, Hugh O'Donovan's Lanerel, last year's winner, was leading. Two horses were out of the race, and Ned's Flying was trailing by five lengths. The field disappeared behind a knoll, then reappeared on the far side of the valley. Infraction had fallen, and although his rider had quickly remounted he was now trailing badly. Lanerel came to new grief at the 18th fence (he had earlier refused the 13th) and was out. It was now a two-horse contest between Ned's Flying and Gold Far with E. H. (Tiger) Bennett aboard.

Since there was no public-address system, the spectators surged down the hill to see who the winner would be. It was Ned's Flying, bought as a broken-down 2-year-old for Mrs. C. Paul Denckla in 1949. For Tiger Bennett, the defeat was his 10th in 10 tries.

Contrarily, nobody was happier than Gene Weymouth. "In seven years of trying," he said later, "this was the time I least expected to win. . . . I even promised my father that I would quit



ONLY HALF THE FIELD FINISHED THE RACE

A weekend rider named Gene Weymouth shows how old-style country steeplechasing tests a rider's heart—and his horse

riding in hunt races if I ever won the Maryland. But now that I've won it, I don't ever want to stop!"

Seven days later Weymouth was riding again, this time near Warrenton in the 32nd race for the Virginia Gold Cup. As in Maryland, the race was of about four miles over timber, with a steeply pitched hillside patched with batterups forming the grandstand for some 18,000 spectators.

Virginia's day offered a card of six races, and the event that preceded the main attraction was, in a sense, more dramatic. It saw the first return of Mickey Walsh's Rythminhim to the winner's circle—a horse that two years ago lost the world's richest steeplechase by only a few lengths after injuring his pelvis on the last obstacle.

The Gold Cup, with its eight contenders, was the traditional and long-distance race of the day, and a fast pace was immediately set by Paddy Smithwick, last year's top steeplechase jockey, on Randolph Rouse's Ricacho. Alfred Smith's Grand Chal, ridden by

continued



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CUPS AND COURAGE

continued

Apprentice Jockey Joseph Aitcheson Jr., was in close pursuit, with the field strung out behind. The solid timber fences were safely cleared until the 12th, which sent Rider Phillip Fanning to the hospital with a shoulder injury, then the 13th, when a slip of his horse grounded Weymouth, Rieascho and Grand Chal retained their leading and second positions until the last fence, the 22nd. That final obstacle cleared, Aitcheson moved Grand Chal down the stretch to win the small but coveted cup by two lengths.

The Gold Cup, it would seem, is Weymouth's hard-luck race—in 1949 he was spalled in the event and suffered a skull fracture. This, combined with an injury he had received a few months earlier in England's killing Grand National when he was tossed from the Duchess of Norfolk's Possible, kept him on the inactive list for six months and out of the Army permanently.

Luckier this year, Weymouth, unhurt and unfazed, traveled on for still another big race in another state—Tennessee.

The course, which Nashville citizens claim to be the most beautiful in the world, is in a panoramic valley in Percy Warner park, was designed by Willie du Pont and built by the WPA.

"It looks pleasant," explained Dinwiddie Lampton, rider of the first Iroquois winner, "but when you're on a horse coming down that slope toward the first big brush jump, it's like being in a truck with the fluid out of the brakes and the accelerator stuck."

A wide assortment of mounts galloped down that slope before the main event—the 16th running of the Iroquois steeplechase. There was a mule race, pony races, a flat race for lady riders, and imported Jockey Gene Weymouth warmed up for the feature event by winning the Frost Hunter steeplechase on Harry Rhett's Port Call, incidentally setting a new track record.

For the Iroquois, nine horses walked to the start. Not only handsome trophies of silver and gold but a handsome purse as well were at stake. Mrs. William Hall's Another Hyacinth, purchased only a month before, caused some mild comment, but mainly based on curiosity about Rider Gene Weymouth. He had come to none of the pre-race parties but had been working the horse and studying the course.

His work paid off. When front-running Jarrin John, last year's winner, began to fade at the 13th Another Hyacinth began to move. From seventh place he steadily passed on by the field, and when he crossed the finish he was a surprising 12 lengths ahead of the favorite, Hurst Park, while game old Tourist List panted in third. It was all the more surprising a victory as Another Hyacinth had never run that far before. But Weymouth had piloted the chaser over the course Cousin Willie had designed in a record time.

Later that evening at the club, Weymouth, the beau of the ball, danced in stocking feet and sipped champagne from a silver trophy.

"Now I know I'll never stop riding in hunt races," he announced contentedly. "If I did, what would I do with my weekends?" **(END)**



IROQUOIS' REWARD goes to winning owner Mrs. William Hall as she is handed cup by Mrs. Silliman Evans Jr. while Weymouth (right) and Trainer Dennis Murphy look on.



Mr. Harvey Lawdy, of Monkton, Md., prominent sportsman and ex-M.F.H., Elkhedge-Harford Hunt

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BUSY, BUSY JUMBO

Tireless Jim Elliott of Villanova is now getting his indoor champions ready to go against the track Goliaths of the West

by COLES PHINIZY



SALESMAN ELLIOTT HAS BEEN VILLANOVA'S COACH FOR 22 YEARS

IN AN average day, James Francis Elliott, resident of Ardmore, Pa., alumnus of Villanova and salesman for the Frantz Equipment Company, drives about 40 miles through the tidy green suburbs of Philadelphia. Jim (Jumbo) Elliott is almost continually on the move, as befits a salesman. He is on the road by 8 o'clock at the latest, and he is seldom done with all he feels he should do before 9 at night.

As almost everybody who reads the *Philadelphia Bulletin* may know, Salesman Jumbo Elliott keeps moving seven days a week because he leads several successful lives. He is, to accept the word of people in the business, the leading salesman of construction equipment in his area. He is also a remarkable sup-par golfer, though he scarcely has time for one round a week. He is also coach of the Villanova track team, whose recent successes will be remembered for quite a while. Last February, 20 Villanovans, a squad barely adequate to fill a dual meet, won the U.S. indoor championship and a week later the eastern indoor collegiate title. Last fall, Villanova led all the U.S. colleges, large and small, by flogging three trackmen in the Olympics. As almost anybody who reads any sports page knows,

Villanova's Irishman, Ron Delany, won the Olympic 1,500 meters, and Villanova's Charlie Jenkins took the 400 and a second gold medal on the 1,600-meter relay.

At 42, Coach Jumbo Elliott of the winning Villanovans walks with the light, quick step of a young middleweight. This time of year his face is wholesomely sunburned and peeling in spots high on his forehead where his hair is fighting a losing battle.

A TIRED GRAY CADILLAC

The pace he sets for himself through his public lives and a fairly private life as husband and father of four seems to be doing Jumbo Elliott a world of good, but the two-year-old ash-gray Cadillac that he drives could stand a day of repair. One rocket fin of the Cadillac is dented, a window is cracked and the right door won't open. Jumbo Elliott uses his overworked car as a mobile office, piling onto the seat beside him the letters, journals, pamphlets and memoranda of his several lives. The pile is now four inches deep, and some of it has slipped through the seat crack into the back, so today as Elliott zips along suburban thoroughways, bits of paper flutter about behind him—whispering reminders of things

Jumbo Elliott still has to do. Jumbo occasionally works the pile of mail like a compost heap, digging through it for particularly rich items, thumbing *Golf World* to see how friend George Fazio did at White Sulphur, then scanning a copy of *Rock and Dirt* for a report on how surplus graders, cranes, tractors and dozers are moving, then turning to *Track and Field News* to see what rival athletes are up to across the U.S.

Some of the news in the next issue of *Track and Field* will be made by 17 of Jumbo's Villanova men who this weekend hope to edge past Manhattan College in the IC4A championships to become undisputed track lords of the East. Two weeks hence Elliott and a team of eight will be at the NCAA championships in Austin, Texas. In the 26 years since the first meet, the national collegiate title has been all but monopolized by Southern California. It has been won only once by an eastern school, by Navy in wartime when teams elsewhere were in shambles. For eight men from a college so small as Villanova to go among the track Goliaths of the west requires the faith of a shepherd boy. It is this sort of nervy faith that Jumbo Elliott seems to have, faith conceivably buoyed up this year by the tantalizing prospect that at

Austin the Goliaths might be cutting each other up. Two West Coast powers, Southern California and UCLA, will not be there, banned from the track meet, strangely, because their football teams sinned a year ago. The University of Kansas, drawing from a squad deep enough to win two dual meets a week, is a logical choice, but the meet this year actually is wide open.

With the Austin meet still two weeks away, as he sits in his car scanning the form charts, Jumbo Elliott shrugs, "Whenever I used to add up points, somebody would pull a muscle and I would have to add again. So I quit adding." Jumbo drops the copy of *Track and Field* back on the seat, opens the good left door of his car and steps into another day of practice.

Jim Tuppeny, who also leads a double life as assistant Villanova coach and teacher in the Philadelphia school system, greets Jumbo on the infield. "Any mail?" Jumbo asks. There is mail. The Signal Corps asks if Jumbo and Champions Delany and Jenkins will speak at a dinner. There is a bill from Plastic Laminates of California — \$59.68 for one new pole for Vault-er Don Bragg. A 4:22 California high school miler writes asking if he might work his way through Villanova. Jumbo is impressed by the 4:22 time and the word "work," but he says: "We shouldn't be after a California boy."

It is a cheerful, warm day, but on the finest day any track coach with a small squad has scattered moments of gloom. On the vault runway Don Bragg is having an unusually sunny moment, trying a pole of the new plastic type for the first time. He misses once at 14 feet, chicken-stepping on his approach. As he reads his mail, Jumbo bears the stuttering cadence of Bragg's feet, looks up and shouts advice. On his next try, knees flashing high, like the forefeet of a horse, Bragg goes over 14, then 14 feet 6, then 15. "It's a great pole, Jumbo," Bragg shouts. "I really feel like I'm vaulting again, man."

Jumbo nods. "Let's just sit here," he advises Tuppeny, "and he'll talk himself into liking it."

Then a moment of gloom. Quarter-miler Al Peterson approaches, favoring one leg. Miller John Kopil has already been lost for the year with a bewildering foot injury. Quarter-miler Gene Maliff has a slight pull. Now Peterson. "It's not much, Jumbo," Peterson says reassuringly.

"You got it trying to throw the javelin," Jumbo says.

High Jumper Phil Reavis approaches

continued



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VILLANOVA TRACK

continued

Jumbo with a personal problem. Jumbo puts an arm around Reavis' waist, and they take a slow walk down the infield. Dixie Dunbar, who ran on relays for Jumbo 15 years ago and now uses the Villanova track to coach Bonner High School boys, notices Jumbo and Reavis taking a slow walk and recalls that this is an old habit with Jumbo. "I was a worrywart," Dunbar says, "and Jumbo would walk me around to calm me down as he might a race horse—and the terrific thing about him as a coach is that he did not tell you, he advised you."

SUNSHINE AND GLOOM

Having given some advice to Phil Reavis, Jumbo next stops for a moment at trackside, horrified at the sight of Delany and Jenkins warming up by boxing. A double spiking would really do it, but Jumbo notes they are in rubber-soled warmup shoes and lets them be. George Sydnor, the hard luck man of Villanova, who has missed the outdoor season for three years because of muscle pulls, is loosening up. "So just how does the leg feel?" Jumbo asks (the words "so just" are an Elliottism, indicating concern). George's leg feels good, so Jumbo advises him to do 220 straights maintaining a good body angle, then turns to Distance Men Delany and Alex Breckenridge.

"I have found a nice girl for Alex," Jumbo reports.

Breckenridge grins. "If she is good-looking," Delany says, "Alex is interested. If she has money, both Alex and

I are interested." The distance men go about their work, nine in-and-out-quarters at four-minute mile pace, and Jumbo notes cheerfully that Delany seems to be reaching the great peak he hit before the Olympics.

There is now gloom in the pole vault pit. Bragg is staring moodily down the new pole. His competitive trail over the past three years is littered with some 15 poles that have bent under his 190 pounds. Now on the first day he has bent this new pole. Jumbo has a short talk with Bragg. They will order a new pole, longer and stronger still.

Jumbo Elliott gets home at 6:30, turning into his driveway slowly in case his older boys are "doing laps" around the house. The kids are at baseball on the front lawn. Jumbo is greeted warmly by the family dog, Prince (a sampling of many breeds), and by Wife Kay Elliott, a striking, hazel-eyed brunette. There are phone messages. A man called about a dirt scraper. There is another request for Elliott, Delany and Jenkins to speak at a dinner. On his way to the phone, Jumbo passes the den window overlooking the lawn as 10-year-old Jimmy Elliott slashes a liner through the pitcher's mound and almost through 6-year-old Tommy's head. "Kay," Jumbo cries. "They're using the hard ball. Tommy's too young for hard ball with Jimmy." Tommy is yanked from the game. Jumbo settles down at the phone but is interrupted by a shout through the window. Jimmy wants to know if Tommy can play if he stands behind a maple tree and emerges after the ball is hit. Strange baseball, but safe. Tommy goes back in the game.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* calls Jumbo to advise him that the 15-foot Arizona high school vaulter, Jim Brewer, is probably going to Kansas next year. "A school our size shouldn't try to compete for everybody," Jumbo tells the *Inquirer*. "We have to count on finding the sleepers."

Being a young, growing university without a great many old booster alumni to beat the drum and rally a track team, Villanova has counted on a more compelling force to draw good men. One good undergraduate has tended to interest another. Sophomore High Jumper Charlie Stead followed Charlie Jenkins from Cambridge, Mass. Freshman Vaultor Ron Brady followed Don Bragg across the river from Jersey. The migration of Irish trackmen began the same way. After the 1948 Games, Olympian George Gunda persuaded a harrel-chested cheery Irish rival, Jim Reardon, to come to Villanova's sod. Distance Runner Browning Ross was also at the '48 Games and urged Runner John Joe Barry and a latter-day Irish whale, Cummin Clancy, to come to Villanova. Competing in Europe in 1954, Miler Fred Dwyer met the young half-miler Ron Delany. In deciding whether to come, Delany asked the opinion of Jim Reardon's father, Senior Reardon, a most proper Irish civil servant with a scandalously merry eye, remembers the moment well. "This Ron Delany looked at me with those cowlike eyes of his, and I said to him, 'When my racial son Jim went I certainly was not for it, but from letters, I came to like this coach of his, and my son Jim has had some success, and I



ADVISING Champion Ron Delany before dual meet, Elliott recommends easy pace.



PLANNING race in rain, Elliott reminds Charlie Jenkins of earlier races in muck.



WORRYING about team chances, Elliott looks at Jumper Charlie Stead's lame foot.

say, boy, go and don't waste time."

Often amidst the problems that arise and are solved in his several lives, an odd, grating question is put to Elliott. Why, someone is bound to ask, does not Delany—or any other Villanovan, for that matter—run more often for the record? As regional, national and international honors continue to come to the Villanovans, the question scarcely deserves an answer. In Elliott's mind—and it is by no means unique to him—there is no man made who can do his utmost week after week and stay at peak through a board season that starts in December and then through an outdoor season that ends in midsummer. "I might be one of the dumbest coaches," Elliott says, "but I can look at the records of maders who ran 4:07, 4:07, 4:07, and when the chips are down they run 4:07 and get fifth." Elliott is dedicated to the belief that training is a problem to be shared by the coach and the man. "A good high school boy coming here today," he maintains, "probably had a good coach and will have his own ideas. Should I arbitrarily write out what he should do? Last year for the Olympics Delany in one day was doing 15 in-and-out quarters under 60 seconds because we felt he should do that. Every man can take a different load. Should I be an X-ray machine and look inside a man, when I can ask him? We have our rebuttals here in training—one day a man wants to do 220s and I will be thinking of quarters. We settle it and it doesn't really matter how. It is my job to see that the boys practice and enjoy it. It's their job when the chips are down." **END**



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DARLIN' CLEM LABINE

They even sing songs in praise of
the ruler of the Dodger bullpen

by ROBERT CREAMER

NO ONE thought to ask him, but it was possible that Walter Alston's stomach hurt. The game was close, as close as a game can get without being tied. Alston's team, the Brooklyn Dodgers, led 4-3. It was the eighth inning, the rival New York Giants had a man on base and Alston's pitcher had gone to a two-ball two-strike count on the batter, young Andre Rodgers. Alston was afraid that his pitcher might, in his desire to get the ball over the plate, give young Rodgers what the trade calls a fat pitch. Young Rodgers hits with power, if not with consistency. A fat pitch could mean a home run. A home run would put the Giants ahead.

Where another man might reach for an Alka-Seltzer, Alston reached for Clem Labine (see cover). Labine is a 38-year-old Rhode Islander of French-Canadian extraction and deceptive appearance. He has a youthful face, a crew cut, a wife, two small children, a warm, musical speaking voice and an outspoken enthusiasm for men's fashion design. When he is not on the ball field these things tend to obscure the fact that he also has arms and shoulders like a blacksmith, a competitive drive that borders on sheer meanness, and a very great proficiency in the art of throwing a baseball.

Labine is a relief pitcher. When Manager Alston beckoned, he walked briskly in from the bullpen and took charge of the game. He threw his warmup pitches, all fast balls, as young Rodgers, waiting, watched. The game resumed. Rodgers stepped up to bat and Labine threw him, not a fast ball, but a curve. It was strike three and that was that. Labine ran through the remainder of the Giant batters in the eighth and ninth innings without

POWERFUL ARMS of Clem Labine help account for curve ball skill, durability.



allowing anyone to reach base, and the Dodgers won.

Not too many days later the Dodgers were in Milwaukee playing the Braves. They had lost the night before and they wanted to win this game very, very much. In the eighth inning the score was tied 2-2. Alton sent Labine in to pitch. The Dodgers finally scored a run in the top of the 10th inning. The Braves? Nine of them faced Labine, three in the eighth, three in the ninth, three in the 10th. None of them reached first base. The Dodgers won.

In New York a writer talking idly of this and that with Bob Scheffing, manager of the Chicago Cubs, asked Scheffing, "If you had your choice of any one pitcher in the entire league, who would you pick?"

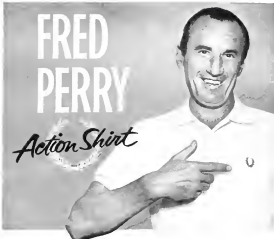
"Labine," Scheffing said, without hesitation.

What Scheffing wants, Alton has. And happily, Alton appreciates what he has. In discussing Labine and relief pitching recently, Alton said: "It used to be that your relief pitcher was a fellow who wasn't good enough to be a starter. But now, when you have someone like Labine or Hershel Freeman in the bullpen, you know the man you bring in is just as good a pitcher as your starter. Maybe better."

Relief pitching is not, of course, a new development in baseball. It traces back probably to the first psychosomatic twinge in the elbow of a nervous starting pitcher confronted by the meat of his opponents' batting order. ("I'd like to stay in the game, you understand, Charley. It's just I don't want to do nothing to hurt the team's chances. Maybe you better bring Lefty in.") Relief pitchers like Firpo Marberry, Johnny Murphy and Joe Page were important contributors to baseball's colorful history.

But if the relief pitcher as an individual is not new, relief pitching as it is practiced today is. In the old days a relief pitcher was a substitute, an indication of weakness in the original pitching plan. Today relief pitching in itself is part of the plan (relief pitchers were used in 70% of the games played in the major leagues last season) and the presence of a relief man in a game is, as often as not, an indication of strength, of fortified pitching. The Philadelphia Phillie pitching staff had the second highest total of complete games in the National League last year. This might seem to be a sign of team pitching strength, yet the Phillie staff gave up most hits, most

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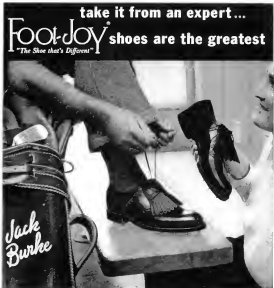


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DARLIN' CLEM LABINE

continued

runs, most home runs and had the worst earned run average in the league. They simply did not have enough relief pitching.

Relief pitching is strength. And a good relief pitcher is worth his weight in gold. Actually, at current market prices—gold is still listed at about \$35 an ounce—Labine, who weighs 195, is worth probably three times his weight in gold. And in open bidding Bob Schefding might go as high as four.

Yet for all this the recognition given relief pitchers is surprisingly meager. Jim Konstanty did win the Most Valuable Player Award in the National League in 1950, but that seems in retrospect to be almost as big an upset as Truman's win over Dewey in 1948. Hershell Freeman, who was by far the best pitcher Cincinnati had last year and whose wonderfully effective relief work was a key reason why the pitching-poor Redlegs finished only two

games behind the first-place Dodgers, was a distant 13th in the voting for Most Valuable Player. And Labine himself ended in a tie for 30th, with just one point (or one measly 10th-place vote) of the total 1,416.

This caused followers of Brooklyn baseball to wonder what the baseball writers who cast the votes were watching during the season. One such wonderer put his protest in song:

Oh, my darlin', oh, my darlin',
Oh, my darlin' Clem Labine.
We have won, but you're forgotten.
Dreadful sorry, Clem Labine.

Labine himself is unworried about the slight:

"When a team has pitchers as good as Newcombe and Maglie [who finished first and second in the Most Valuable Player voting], they're the ones who should get the votes."

He grinned.

"Just as long as I get paid I'm not going to worry about it. Relief pitching isn't glamorous. Kids don't imitate

pinch-hitters and kids don't imitate relief pitchers. But I've come to realize that a starting pitcher, to get to the point where he's making as much money as I'm making now [around \$25,000 a year], has to figure on winning 20 games a season."

A RARE DAY OFF

Labine was sitting on the bed in his hotel room as he discussed his work. Outside, rain dripped coldly down from a foul sky. The game scheduled that day had been postponed and Labine had a day off, a rare thing for a relief pitcher. (After those three perfect innings against Milwaukee, for instance, he was back at work in the bullpen the next afternoon against the Chicago Cubs. Of course, he sat with regal disdain through the first seven innings while first one and then another of his cohorts provided the "activity in the Brooklyn bullpen," as the broadcasters like to say. But as soon as the eighth inning started, Labine rose to warm up. The Cubs scored to

narrow Brooklyn's lead to one run, and Alston asked the Dodger bullpen if Labine was ready to go in. Just then Dale Long of the Cubs hit into a double play, Starting Pitcher Sandy Koufax was safely out of the inning, and Labine sat down. When the ninth inning began, Labine arose again and warmed up quickly. The Cubs threatened once more, but Koufax held on to retire the side and win. Not until Koufax's last pitch did Labine stop throwing. Then he walked in toward the dugout, slowly and deliberately, his day's work done.)

"It's funny how you feel, warming up like that," Labine said. "I was hoping Alston would put me in the game, because I like to go in. But at the same time I was rooting for Sandy to pitch a complete game, because I knew how much it would mean to him. And I knew that if I did have to go in, it meant that we were in trouble—if I didn't have to we weren't in trouble; we'd win—and you want to win. You root for your team, you root for your teammates. But at the same time, I want to get in the game."

"When you warm up like that you think about who's batting and how you'd pitch to him. When Long was batting against Koufax, Sandy tried to keep the ball high because Long isn't too strong on high fast balls. But I can't pitch to him there because he'll kill my fast ball. Sandy has a good fast ball; I don't. Or if I threw my sinker high, he'll kill that. I have to throw low to him, because I'm stronger there. I should never throw a high sinker, and I don't mean to. But you make a mistake and the ball doesn't go where you want it to go."

"A relief pitcher can't afford mistakes. A starter may have a lead to fool around with, and he can wait until he gets into trouble to really bear down. But a relief pitcher is always in trouble, or he wouldn't be brought into the game. You have to bear down on every man. You can't afford to make mistakes."

"Take a hitter like Joe Adcock. I don't have a very high opinion of Adcock as a hitter. He can't reach the outside corner of the plate with his bat. He stands at the plate in a sort of crouch and he reaches out and touches the far corner of the plate with his bat, as if to prove to himself that he can reach it. But when he hits, he's standing up straight and his foot's over here and he just can't reach the outside corner of the plate. If you keep the ball out there he'll never hit. But

continued

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DARLIN' CLEM LABINE

continued

make a mistake against him, and he hurts you plenty.

"So, you practice throwing to imaginary hitters, practice what you'll throw to them in the game. You can't wait until you're on the mound to practice. I remember this spring we were playing the Braves, in New Orleans, I think. Johnny Logan came up with bases loaded. Now, Logan's a really good fast ball hitter. You can't get one past him. The count went to three and two, and I threw him a good curve and he struck out. He looked out at me and he said, 'It's spring training, Clem. Can't you throw a fast ball?' I asked him after the game what he wanted me to do. He said, 'What do you have to throw the curve for? It's only spring training.' I said, 'Johnny, isn't spring training for practice? When do you want me to practice throwing breaking stuff with a full count? Some day when the bases are loaded in the ninth inning in Milwaukee?'

"You have to think of who's coming up. If I know that, say, Henry Aaron is the fourth man coming to bat in an inning, I really work on that first man, to get him out of the way. Then, even if I lose the second man I can still get the double play and get out

of the inning. It's very important to get ahead of the batter. Then he has to control his swing and protect the plate. And if you get ahead of him, say two strikes and no balls, you can try four times to make him hit your pitch. Including the fourth pitch. Let him walk. A guy like Aaron, in a very tight game you'd almost rather have him on first base, even though he's the winning run. He's so hard to pitch to, maybe you'd rather have him on and take your chances with the next man.

"I like relief pitching. It's a challenge. When Sandy was in the bullpen he said one day, 'My arm has never felt so tired.' I said, 'If you expect to stay in the bullpen, get used to it.' Your arm is always tired. It isn't sore. It's just tired. A doctor I know told me it's because a pitcher's arm actually hemorrhages after he's been throwing hard. It becomes a mass of tiny, tiny hemorrhages that take a day or so to clear up. If they clear up fast you're a relief pitcher. I don't think there's any physical damage done to the arm. I think it's more of a mental problem than a physical one. Your arm is tired, and you don't feel like pitching. But you make yourself. You throw for awhile, and then it feels all right. It feels good. Some days it feels so good you know you can go in and get anybody out."

C.M.D.

HIGHLIGHT

Staid Bostonians were astonished. In two games last week, the Indians and Red Sox brought back memories of Ebbets Field in its Babe Herman heyday—lots of comedy mixed with heroic feats.

The first game was tied 1-1 when the sixth inning started. Boston Shortstop Billy Klaus reached down to field a ground ball and bobbled it. A single followed. Klaus had a chance at another grounder and this time started a seemingly easy double play via second. The first baseman dropped the throw. A walk filled the bases. Another potential double-play ball was hit to Klaus. He fumbled it. One run scored and the bases were still loaded. The second baseman grabbed a line drive for the second out and tossed quickly to Klaus to trap the scrambling runner off second. Klaus dropped the ball.

In the Red Sox ball of the sixth, Klaus came up with the bases loaded. He hit into a double play. In the seventh when the Indians came up again, the first batter hit a ground ball to Klaus. He didn't fumble it. It bounded over his glove and hit him under the eye. He was carted off the field and sent to the hospital for observation.

In the second game, the next day, the Red Sox were leading 4-0 as the sixth inning started. Indian Pitcher Calvin Colledge McElish threw a soft floating changeup to Red Sox Batter Gene Mauch. He hit it into the left-field net for a home run. Ted Williams stepped up.

"No changeup for this guy," thought McElish. He threw a low fast ball. It was hit into the right-field seats.

McElish switched to the curve and threw six to Jackie Jensen. He walked him. He threw two more to Dick Gernert. The second went over the left-field fence. McElish started talking to himself. "Changeup, fast ball, curve, that's all I know. I'll have to stick to the curve."

Frank Malone took two curves and knocked the third into the left-field net. The Red Sox had equaled an American League record they set 17 years ago. In five minutes Cal McElish's ERA had jumped from 1.39 to 3.90.

"It was nothing, really," McElish later modestly commented. "I'd say I gave them a variety. The pitches to Williams and Gernert, I thought, were pretty good. But they turned out bad, didn't they?"—L.W.

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BUNT!

Brooklyn's Gino Cimoli (No. 9) bunts, and one of baseball's classic plays is set in motion. The purpose of Cimoli's bunt was to advance his teammate Clem Labine to second base. While Labine makes his dash for second and Cimoli lights out for first, Ted Kluszewski, Redlegs' first baseman, is coming in to field bunt while Pitcher Herschel Freeman crosses over to his left for same reason. Redlegs' Second Baseman Johnny Temple dashes toward first to take Kluszewski's throw for putout of Cimoli, as Right Fielder Wally Post starts over to back up Kluszewski's throw. Meanwhile, Smokey Burgess, Cincinnati catcher, alertly takes off down third base line to prepare for possible play at third in case Labine tries to take an extra base.

Photograph by Hy Peskin





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BASEBALL X-RAY



BILL FISCHER

White Sox' unheralded young right-hander led AL rookies with 2-1 record.



BOBBY MORAN

Cubs' new second baseman found batting eye, paced team for week with .500.



DON GROSS

Redlegs' young lefty ran two-year win streak to seven, led team with 4-0.



JH LEMON

Senators' elongated long ball hitter batted .350 to lead team for week.



DUKE MARS

Tiger right-hander, with 6-7 record in 1956, was AL's best pitcher, with 6-1.



DEL ENNIS

Cardinal outfielder after 11 big years with Phils was worst batter in NL.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

THE WORKS OF

[illegible]

TEAM LEADERS

[illegible]

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to May 15)

	BCST	WORST
Batting (AL)	Willie Davis #10	Curtis K. 167
Batting (NL)	Musial #14, 195	Ents #14, 214
Home run	Clayton #1	Russell #10
Home run	Asa Carter #1	Gillette #10
Home run (NL)	Clayton #1 AB	(139 AB)
Pitching (AL)	Maxwell #21	Stebbs #7.5
Pitching (NL)	Woods #7-8	Kline #7-8
CRA (AL)	Ford #7-8	Woods #7-8
CRA (NL)	Woods #1-3	Woods #6-8
Complete	Woods #4	Lemon #4
game(s) (AL)	Stohmeyer #4	(0-9 starts)
Complete	(0-8 starts)	
game(s) (NL)	Newcombs #4	Archer #11
	Roberts #4	Berney #10
	(0-8 starts)	Kubi #1
		(0-8 starts)
Team HR (AL)	Kennedy #36	Washington 17
Team HR (NL)	Cincinnati 40	Pittsburgh 19
Team runs (AL)	Kansas City #41	Chicago 121
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati 22	Pittsburgh 116
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati 260	Chicago 223
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati 260	Chicago 223

RUNS PRODUCE

	Runs Scored	Home Runs	Total Pts. Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Morris, C. (1955)	28	19	47
Seaver, M. (1937)	24	19	43
Wright, C. (1913)	20	19	39
Mayer, W. (161)	24	11	35
Fox, C. (1645)	23	11	34
Jennett, R. (1837)	22	19	34
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Arnes, M. (157)	27	19	51
Fowler, B. (183)	26	29	55
Hughson, C. (185)	26	29	55
Pearl, G. (177)	26	19	45
Jones, P. (196)	12	25	42

THE BOOKS

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Birding	Backusdon NY 110	Brownson Phil 325
Home appt	Mart, Cle 5	Boucher Phil 5
		Swanson Ch 5
RBH	Mart, Cle 17	Boucher Phil 17
Prichard	Fuchs, Ch 2:1	Sanford Phil 5:8

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CUS D'AMATO OUTPOINTS

About to lose his boxing monopoly, Jim Norris loses his first heavyweight title championship

LITTLE MORE THAN a year ago Cus D'Amato was proclaiming foolishly that his obscure fighter, Floyd Patterson, would win the heavyweight championship of the world despite all the power the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) could range against him. Patterson then had not even fought Hurricane Jackson. Everyone, with a few exceptions (SI, Jan. 30, 1956), thought Cus was pretty silly.

About the same time the United States Department of Justice was proclaiming that the IBC, Madison Square Garden and some others were engaged in a conspiracy to monopolize boxing. Just about everyone, save for some who bothered to read the charges and examine the law, thought the IBC would beat the rap easy.

Little more than a week ago, Cus D'Amato was proclaiming foolishly that an obscure onetime promoter, Emil Lence, would promote the next

heavyweight championship fight—none other than Floyd Patterson vs. Hurricane Jackson—despite all the power the IBC could range against him. Just about everyone, save for a stubborn few who knew what stubborn stuff Floyd's manager is made of, again thought Cus was pretty silly.

A year has gone by since Cus's first proclamation and Floyd Patterson is champion of the world, the IBC has not beaten the rap and it has not beaten Cus D'Amato either. Just about everyone has now come to the conclusion that the white-haired, grim-faced Cus is the smartest, toughest fight manager to come along in many a year.

The Justice Department's antitrust division looks smart and tough, too. The IBC has been found guilty of the monopoly conspiracy, and it is only a question of time and the mind of Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan as to when the monopoly will be broken for

sure and for good. As for the Patterson-Jackson fight, under some urging from New York's boxing commission chairman, Julius Helfand, against the reluctance of Jackson's IBC-beholden manager, it has been signed for the week of July 29, a more definite date to be set when television commitments are made. Likely date: Tuesday, July 30. Likely TV viewer: Jim Norris.

This week Cus D'Amato, relaxing in an electrically operated vibrating lounge chair, spoke an electrically vibrant metaphor:

"If they got Jackson they have a fight. I'm just sitting down as a bystander awaiting the results."

From here on out Cus can afford to sit down as a bystander and let Promoter Emil Lence carry the ball to Newcastle.

So there are two big cracks now in the IBC dam against competition, but even so there is no need for anyone to run. This flow is water pouring into



CRUMBLING MONOPOLISTS of IBC and Garden pose on courthouse steps. Left to right: Norris, IBC president; Truman Gibson, IBC secretary; Charles Sawyer, IBC counsel; Arthur Wirtz, Norris' vice-president; John Reed Kilpatrick, Garden board chairman; Ned Irish, Garden executive vice-president; and Harry Markson, IBC managing director.



BEAMING INDEPENDENT Promoter Emil Lence announced signing of first independently promoted heavyweight match since Joe Louis defeated Jim Braddock in 1937.

THE IBC

by MARTIN KANE

a drought-stricken land, restoring life, not taking it.

Some of the most vital restoration work will be done in a week or so, when Judge Ryan hands down his decree. Now he is taking advice—well, he's listening to advice—from defense and Government lawyers who have ideas about what his decree should be.

The IBC advice is interesting. It would leave the IBC pretty much where it is now—in charge of all that is important in boxing save Cas D'Amato. It proposes that the IBC be limited to promotion of but four championship fights a year and at the same time retain its control over the two weekly TV shows. At first blush this looks as if the IBC was chastising itself quite severely in the matter of championship bouts—they have averaged 10 a year in the U.S. since 1947, though only six were fought last year—but a second blush discloses that the IBC made no mistake at all, or perhaps a very clever mistake. For under this arrangement it could actually promote as many championship fights as it wished. It could promote four title fights in the United States and for the rest adjourn to Canada, using a Toronto or Montreal station to feed either the ABC or NBC TV network.

It was quite clear to the government lawyers that if the IBC continues to control two weekly network shows it will control the march of all young fighters toward the championships. The government proposal would, in essence, separate Madison Square Garden, which owns IBC-New York, from Chicago Stadium, which owns IBC-Illinois. Norris and his partner Arthur M. Wirtz would have to abandon their interest in the Garden and confine themselves to the Stadium. The independent Garden would then run one network show and the IBC Stadium would run the other. Norris and Wirtz would be reduced to one network and one arena.

Judge Ryan indicated that he would not force Norris and Wirtz to dump their Garden stock (219,000 shares out



LUNCHING AT PATTERSON'S TRAINING CAMP, MANAGER GUS D'AMATO SAVORS VICTORY

of 563,000) on the market, to the detriment of other investors, but he is considering a plan whereby they would turn their stock over to a trustee and thus relinquish control over the Garden management.

Kenneth C. Royall, onetime Secretary of War under President Truman, now chief spokesman for the IBC defense, declared then that in event of a trusteeship and no voice in Garden management, Norris and Wirtz "would prefer to give up all boxing activity."

Judge Ryan was not appalled.

"That," he said, "would be a decision for them to make."

The judge, who has enjoyed a few Garden fights in his time, responded to a threat that boxing might be abolished in the Garden with an answer that had been suggested in the testimony of Julius Helfand, who was subpoenaed by the defense.

Though some of Helfand's testimony favored some aspects of the IBC case—he believes the Garden can and should be both promoter and landlord—he did express the opinion that the Garden "should be thrown open for rental to other promoters." Next day Judge Ryan concurred and announced he was thinking of ordering that very thing—at fair rentals to be fixed by the court, if necessary. He is thinking furthermore of limiting the Garden to the functions of a landlord, as far as boxing is concerned, with promotion provided from the outside.

No one knows what his final thinking will be. It would be futile to guess. The mind of a judge in a case like this is as hard to see as the edge of a television sponsor's blade held sideways to the camera. It's a fair assumption, though, that the IBC will never be the same again.

ENO

DAME JULIANA'S

In her "Treatise of Fishing with an Angle," the 15th century nun bequeathed to literature a new and enduring form of the writing art—and left to posterity a fascinating speculation

The Angler must intire, not command his reward . . .

GERVASE MARKHAM

FOR THE ANGLER all history is divided into two parts, before and after Berners. What she did in the garden and study of the nunnery to achieve this eminence was to create angling literature. For the first time in history she saw and defined the special qualities of fishing as a game and its profound relationship to life, and identified the character of the angler. For this purpose she created a new species of writing about fishing and a wholly new branch of sport. Surprisingly, she derived the angling convention not from the older fishing literature of Greece and Rome but from another, far-removed source, the hunting literature of barbarian Europe.

Now, fishing has two quite different literatures, one treating the subject as work and the other as play. Writing about fishing as work goes back to the beginning of writing itself and, until the modern novel appeared, was dominantly a literature of poetry. Writing about fishing as play, in the beginning class-angled, in the words of the *Book of St. Albans*, to show "how gentlemen shall be known from ungentlemen," is dominantly the didactic angling essay, which goes back to the *Treatise*.

Berners created this model in a simple form: 1) she defined and praised the art; 2) gave instructions in its pursuit; and 3) identified the angler and his experience. From this beginning, at once plain in substance and exalted in spirit, the angler with his rod, line and hook, and pursuit of pleasure and peace, was in time to become identified in thousands of books as philosopher, scholar and teacher, and his sport as gentle, solitary, contemplative, passionate, cheerful and innocent. And the solitary noblewoman of the 15th century, seeking solace in angling, was to become 30 million anglers in 1957. So she is of interest to us for her charm and for the effect her work has had upon angling and angling writers for nearly 500 years. What she may have sought solace for, and what the significance of that is for angling, I shall come to presently.

Angling is more or less a writer's word; in the U.S. one goes *fishing*, whether one is heading for the mountains with a rod or out to sea in a trawler. But angling is a useful word. Efforts to define it have been undertaken by some good minds from Plato to the American angling writer, Henry Van Dyke. These have been examined by William Radcliffe (*Fishing from the Earliest Times*), who concludes

in favor of Van Dyke's "the art of fishing by hand with a hook and line, with or without a rod." That's not bad, but for the purpose here I define it in part subjectively, along the lines of Berners, as *fishing by defined means and for its own sake*.

It would be absurd to think that people did not angle for pleasure before Berners, but so far as we know they didn't write much about it. We know from Plutarch that Cleopatra was an angler. But as Shakespeare retold the story, she angled not for fish.

Give me mine angle, we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny fin'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their shining jaws, and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ha! you're caught."

But Sappho, greatest of all women poets, and perhaps greatest of all poets, wrote in the characteristic classic manner in her famous doleful epigram:

Measas, mourning for his only son,
The toll-experienced fisher Pelagon,
Has placed upon his tomb a net and oar,
The badges of a painful life and poor.

Sappho, Cleopatra and Berners—but there is no line of descent. To place Berners by contrast in the context of fishing history, follow the trail of the scholars through the fishing literature of ancient Greece and Roman times: Fishing is treated by Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Ovid, Aelian, Oppian and others—all of whom, except possibly Aelian who described fly-fishing, deal with the subject as work.

For some it was imaginative work. In the classic myth, the fisherman Glaucus of Anthedon saw his catch of fish on the ground before him eat a magical herb and return to sea. He tasted the herb himself, followed the fish into the water and became a sea-god, with eyebrows of bristle, seaweed hair on his chest, and a fish's tail, in appearance not unlike the skin-diver pursuing things under water today. Glaucus pursued the nymph Seylla. She eluded him and he appealed to a divinity, Circe, to intercede and make her return his love; but Circe was jealous and changed Seylla into a sea monster. Glaucus still haunts the waves; Seylla is now the well-known rock off the Italian coast. This is not any old love story. In Greek poetry, Glaucus was the principal fisher hero; in his watery habitat he ranks with the

LEGACY

by JOHN McDONALD

shepherd hero Daphnis who, being mortal, for his elusive nymph died of a broken heart.

The chief literary form of ancient fishing writing was a sea idyll in poetic dialogue, called the "piscatory eclogue." Its hero was the fisherman, as the hero of the pastoral was his neighbor the shepherd. H. M. Hall (*Idylls of Fishermen*) has shown how the sea or fisher idyll originated as a branch of pastoral and became a separate branch of literature. The father of the piscatory and the father of the pastoral are the same person, Theocritus, an urban, artful avant-garde Greek poet of the third century B.C.; poets acknowledged their debt to him for two millennia. Of 30 idylls attributed to him, the 21st was a sea idyll (see box, page 79) and this little fish story has a claim to be the first formal fish story in history. It develops the theme, like Sappho's, of the Greek epigrammatist, in which the fisherman is a haunting figure, weighed down with age, toil, poverty, mournfulness and superstition—the precursor possibly of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* but not of the angler.

It was about 2,000 years later that the form of the "piscatory eclogue" of Theocritus was tried out in England as an angling medium. Its route was through the Italian poet, Jacopo Sansonetti, who wrote of singing sea fishermen in the 16th century, and from him through Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Edmund Spenser, and others in England. Then, in the 18th century, Moses Browne wrote a popular work, *Angling Sports in Nine Piscatory Eclogues*, in which he tried to convert *The Compleat Angler* into this convention. But the angler with his lyric and lecturing moods did not fit well into the form devised for the professional sea fisherman with his terror of transformations of the sea and sea maidens, his toil and dreams, and the piscatory died out.

THE FIRST English (Anglo-Saxon) work to treat of fishing is the *Colloquy on the Oceanfishing*, a 10th-century book by Aelfric the Abbot, the greatest writer and teacher of his time. His form, the prose dialogue or debate, was then a convention. I quote a fragment from Benjamin Thorpe's translation, which is printed in full in W. J. Turrell's *Ancient Angling Authors*. P. stands for Piscator; M. for Magister:

- M. What trade are you acquainted with?
P. I am a fisherman.
M. What do you get by your trade?
P. Food, clothes, and money.



SIR ISAAC WALTON: HE OVERSHADOWED HIS PREDECESSOR

The discussion continues with the details of the trade and concludes with reasons why Piscator prefers to fish in rivers rather than go to sea and catch whales (it is safer). But obviously Aelfric's Piscator is no angler if sport be the rule. There are other mentions of fishing before the 15th century, but they alter nothing.

Angling as a sport arrives 500 years later with Berners: rod, line and hook, and not for money but for pleasure; and with her the literary form of the angling treatise. With discipline to the essentials she set the convention that would govern most subsequent writing on the sport.

She compares fishing with hunting and hawking and so differentiates the qualities of angling from the principal sports of the time. Her approach is to teach. Wittingly or unwittingly, her didactic form corresponds with the outstanding attribute of the angler. Always, in speech or writing he is a teacher. She, the first angling teacher, taught first the pleasure: a merry spirit and joy without repentance—two thoughts on angling that were to be the central themes of angling writers from Walton to Wordsworth to Lord Grey to Theodore Gordon. But she is objective; she does not investigate the interior of innocent pleasure and peace. She simply finds it and conveys it.

A characteristic of angling writing in prose or poetry is accuracy and meticulousness of observation. Nothing in the equipment and methods of the angler is too trivial to mention, nothing in the way of technicality could possibly be boring. From Berners to the present, the focus of angling writing is microscopic and interest rises in the angler inversely with the size of objects (except fish). Show an angler one more or one less whisk of tail on a No. 16 Blue Dun and he will be fascinated to the exclusion of man's arrival

continued

BERNERS

continued

on the moon; only scientists equal this passion for the structure and motions of small objects and instruments for making contact with the mysteries of nature.

Praise for the sport, instruction and the angler's identity; that was all. From her rules of angling conduct the identity of the angler can be inferred. There is a shade of Robin Hood in her advice not to poach on a poor man's water; but, as she implies, there is a bit of a poacher in every angler. The most exacting rules against poaching that I know are those governing the relations between members of the salmon clubs on the Restigouche where there are no poor men: what rod in what place to the surveyor's line at a time specified on a watch, and the whole printed in the language of a law firm. I once was granted permission to fish certain water there, and for reasons not to be explained here I poached (with a No. 12 Dusty Miller) a 17-pounder out of the Barn pool, the first pool in the Kedgwick, which is one of the two headwaters of the Restigouche, a pool which I understood belonged to the dean of the oilmen, Walter Teagle. I later confessed this to Teagle in New York and he forgave me with a benign raise of his hand. Armed with this forgiveness I told the story at a meeting of the Anglers' Club, whereupon an unforgiving voice rang out from the back of the room, "That's not Teagle's pool. That's my pool!" Now, Teagle is a noble angler, but I have asked myself who was the greater poacher, I who poached the fish or he who poached the forgiveness?

Berners says never take fish by foul means (a sport or game by definition is a set of rules). Don't break a hedge; shut the gate. Don't be greedy; conserve the fish. Solitude is for prayer. And if solace is needed, it may be found on the stream. So enjoined, you will have the blessing of God and St. Peter. Here was the angler born.

Berners' bow to St. Peter—understandable in a nun who would fish for sport—made plausible connection between angling and the patron of professional fishermen. With that reference, however, she started a religious theme in angling that was to last a long time and arouse some contention.

During the 157 years between the printed *Treatise* and *The Compleat Angler*, the few angling writers who appeared developed principally the character of the angler. The second

known book, *The Arte of Angling*, published in 1577 by a now anonymous author and unknown in angling literature until a single copy was recently discovered and printed last year at Princeton, makes no mention of Berners. "Anon" uses the classic prose dialogue form and creates the characters Piscator and Viator (wayfarer), who were later adopted by Walton in his first edition of *The Compleat Angler*. Piscator (the pupil in Aelfric) is the teacher, Viator the student. *The Arte* is a fine little book, the best use of the prose dialogue form on the subject of angling, I think, outside of Walton's. Piscator is testy but hospitable. He treats of angling as an art and a science, and "as of that pleasure that I have always most recreated myself withal,



CLASSIC MONOGRAM of Cotton's and Walton's initials adorns the 1676 edition.

and had most delight in, and is most meetest for a solitary man, and is also of light cost." He speaks of the fellowship, ruling out, however, "the sluggish sleepy sloven," the poor man, the angry man, the fearful man and the busybody, who can stay at home or, if they like, hunt or hawk.

Most curious are Anon's 13 "gifts," which appear to be a spoof on the virtues of the angler and a possible jest on Berners' glorifications; for her book was the angling bestseller of the 16th century. This ancestor of Ed Zern (*To Hell with Fishing*) wrote:

Viator]. Why then, I pray you, what gifts must he have that shall be of your company?

Piscator]. 1. He must have faith, believing that there is fish where he cometh to angle. 2. He must have hope that they will bite. 3. Love to

the owner of the game. 4. Also patience, if they will not bite, or any mishap come by losing of the fish, hook, or otherwise. 5. Humility to stoop, if need be to kneel or lie down on his belly, as you did today. 6. Fortitude, with manly courage, to deal with the biggest that cometh. 7. Knowledge adjoined to wisdom, to devise all manner of ways how to make them bite and to find the fault. 8. Liberality in feeding of them. 9. A content mind with a sufficient mess, yea, and though you go home without. 10. Also he must use prayer, knowing that it is God that doth bring both fowl to the net and fish to the bait. 11. Fasting he may not be offended withal, but acquaint himself with it, if it be from morning until night, to abide and seek for the bite. 12. Also he must do alms deeds; that is to say, if he meet a sickly poor body or doth know any such in the parish that would be glad of a few fishes to make a little broth withal (as often times is desired of sick persons), then he may not stick to send them some or altogether. And if he have none, yet with all diligence that may be [be] try with his angle to get some for the diseased person. 13. The last point of all the inward gifts that doth belong to an angler, is memory, that is, that he forget nothing at home when he setteth out, nor anything behind him at his return.

Thus for Anon the virtues of the angler—excepting alms giving—enhance not his nobility so much as the size of his catch.

In the year 1613 John Dennys showed how an angling treatise could be written in verse. His *Secrets of Angling* was the first and remains the most noted of angling poems. He begins with a play on the elevated opening line of Virgil's *Aeneid* (*Aeneas rixasque coae: Of arms and the man I sing*), and with a mastery common to the age alternately blurs and jingles the conversational iambic pentameter.

Of Angling, and the Art thereof I sing,
What kind of tooles it doth behove
to have;
And with what pleasing bait a man
may bring
The fish to bite within the watery
wave. . . .

Dennys confesses:

Not that I take upon me to impart
More then by others hath before
been told;
Or that the hidden secrets of this
art,
I would unto the vulgar sort
unfold. . . .

It is not known who all the others are by whom this knowledge has been told, but Anon is one of them. From him Denny's took the 13 gifts of the angler, though he took them more seriously and called them "The Qualities of an Angler." He gives 12 instead of 13; the odd one, alms, he combines with love.

BUT the formal aspects of Denny's work are classical. He appears to be the first in didactic angling writing to owe a debt to the ancient pastoral and paeon, which he acknowledges by paying farewell respects to Neptune and all his monsters on entering Arcadia and the gentle haunts of perch and trout.

To the second edition of *Secrets of Angling*, the editor, William Lawson, added this Bernersian gift of the trout to the angler: "The trout," he said, "makes the angler most gentlemanly, and readiest sport of all other fishes."

The year after the poem was first published a notorious literary pirate, Gervase Markham, set it back to prose (with a few additions from Berners' *Treasures*), in a work entitled *The Pleasures of Fishing*. But he had some new and original ideas on the angler. The 12 "inward qualities of the mind" were not enough, he said. The angler must also be a general scholar, knowing of the liberal sciences, a grammarian, a writer "without affectation or rudeness," of sweet speech, "to persuade, and intice other[s] to delight in an exercise so much laudable"; he must have strong arguments "to defend, and maintain his profession against envy or slander"; he should know the sun, moon and stars, from which to guess the weather; countries, highways and paths to lakes and streams; he should know geometrical angles so as to describe the channels and windings of rivers, and the "art of numbering" so as to be able to take soundings; and music to dispose of melancholy.

Thus the angler emerging from the Elizabethan Age could, so far as inner qualities are concerned, be told from an "ungentleman." It is not far from here to the personification of this image in *The Compleat Angler* in 1653. Of this work, which is on everyone's shelf, I shall make only a few remarks.

Walton merged the basic structure of Berners' *Treasures* with the dialogue technique of Anon, and some of the qualities of the pastoral tradition. It was a happy mixture, for with it Walton's personality took over and breathed into the form the true substance of his

continued



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idyllic mood. He drew upon everything he could find that had gone before in classical, biblical and medieval traditions and brought along his contemporary "band of musicians," that cluster of great poets who were his friends and neighbors, and, in his fifth edition, he got Charles Cotton to make the angler really complete with an immortal treatise on fly-fishing. The effect this greatest and most popular of English idylls had on angling writing was inspiring and, sometimes, disastrous.

Walton himself warned of the limits of making "an angler by a book" alone, but he was not heeded.

It is a perversity of the classical impulse that he, the least imitable of angling writers, should for so long a time have been closely imitated—those who imitated him wrote not idylls on angling but idylls upon an idyll. For 74 years after his fifth edition Walton was in eclipse; then, with the benediction of Sam Johnson, he was revived, and before the 19th century renaissance of angling he was canonized and made the model of the angler. One of the first to signal the danger of this was Sir Walter Scott, who said: "The palm of originality, and of an exquisite simplicity which cannot, perhaps, be imitated with entire success, must remain with our worthy patriarch, Isaak."

The best example I know of the precise difficulty of imitating Walton is Washington Irving's sentimental travesty *The Angler*, one of the sketches published in 1819. The story he tells is as follows. During one winter, with a group of friends he read Walton and determined to become an angler like him. As soon as the weather was good the group sallied up to the highlands of the Hudson, "as stark mad as was ever Don Quixote from reading books of chivalry." One of the party, fully harnessed for the field with all the angler's equipments, "was as great a matter of stare and wonderment among the country folk, who had never seen a regular angler, as was the steel-clad hero of *La Mancha* among the goat-herds of the Sierra Morena." Irving, who for his part confesses he was always a bungler at sport, hooked himself instead of the fish, tangled his line in the trees, lost his bait, broke his rod and in a short while gave up angling and instead lay down under a tree and spent the day reading Isaak Walton, "satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the

A CLASSIC FISH STORY



In his 21st idyll, written in the third century B.C., Theocritus has related the first of the countless fish stories in history:

TWO FISHERMEN, on a time, two old men, together lay and slept—they had strown the dry sea-moss for a bed in their wattle cabin, and there they lay against the leafy wall. Beside them were strown the instruments of their toilsome trade, the fishing creels, the rods of reed, the hooks, the sails, bedruggled with sea-spout, the lines, the weels, the lobster pots woven of rushes, the seines, two oars, and an old coble upon progs. Beneath their heads was a scanty matting, their clothes, their sailor's caps. Here was all their toil, here all their wealth. The threshold had never a door, nor a watch-dog; all things, all, to them seemed superfluous, for Poverty was their sentinel. They had no neighbor by them, but ever against their narrow cabin floated up the sea.

The chariot of the moon had not yet reached the mid-point of her course, but their familiar toil awakened the fishermen; from their eyes they cast out slumber, and roused their souls with speech. ASPHALION. They lie all, my friend, who say that the nights wane short in summer when Zeus brings the long days. Already have I seen 10,000 dreams and the dawn is not yet. Am I wrong, what ails them, the nights are surely long?

THE FRIEND. Asphaltion, thou blamest the beautiful summer. It is not that the season hath wilfully passed his natural course, but care, breaking thy sleep, makes night seem long to thee.

ASPHALION. Didst ever learn to interpret dreams? for good dreams have I beheld. I would not leave thee to go without thy share in my vision; even as we go shares in the fish we catch, so share all my dreams. Sure, thou art not to be surprised in wisdom, and he is the best interpreter of dreams that hath wisdom for his teacher. Moreover, we have time to idle in, for

what could a man find to do lying on a leafy bed beside the waves and slumbering not? Nay the sea is among the thorns, the lantern in the town hall, for, they say, it is always sleepless.

THE FRIEND. Tell me then, the vision of the night, may tell all to thy friend.

ASPHALION. As I was sleeping late, amid the labours of the salt sea (and truly not too well-fed, for we supped early if thou dost remember, and did not overtax our bellies), I saw myself busy on a rock, and there I sat and watched the fishes, and kept spinning the bait with the rods. And one of the fish nibbled, a fat one, for in sleep dogs dream of bread, and of fish dream I. Well he was tightly hooked, and the blood was running, and the rod I grasped was bent with the struggle. So with both hands I strained and had a sore tussle for the monster. How was I ever to land so big a fish with hooks all too slim?

Then just to remind him he was hooked, I gently pricked him, poked, and slackened, and as he did not run, I took in line. My toil was ended with the sight of my prize; I drew up a monstrous fish, lo you a fish all plated thick with gold! Then fear took hold of me lest he might be some fish beloved of Poseidon, or perchance some jewel of the sea-grey Amphitrite. Gently I unhooked him, lest ever the hooks should retain some of the gold of his mouth. Then I dragged him on shore with the ropes, and swore that never again would I set foot on sea, but abide on land, and lord it over the gold.

This was what awakened me, but for the rest, set thy mind to it, my friend, for I am in dismay about the oath I swore. THE FRIEND. Nay, never fear, thou art no more sworn than thou hast found the golden fish of thy vision; dreams are but lies. But if thou wilt search these waters, wide awake, and not asleep, there is some hope in thy slumbers; seek the fish of flesh, lest thou die of famine with all thy dreams of gold!

From the translation by Andrew Lang

passion for angling." But, Irving continued, once in real life he had met a true angler.

It happened along the Alun, which flows from the Welsh hills into the Dee, where in a pastoral setting out of Walton, on a day "like that recorded in his work . . . mild and sunshiny, with now and then a soft-dropping shower, that sowed the whole earth with diamonds," Irving came on an old angler with a wooden leg lecturing two rustic disciples in the art. "His face bore the marks of former storms, but present fair weather; its furrows had been worn into a habitual smile . . . he had altogether the good-humored air of a constitutional philosopher who was disposed to take the world as it went."

With a bow to Walton for his idyll and another to Berners for her maxims, Irving concluded that angling was suited neither to him nor to America, but only to England where there is "rule and system" and where "every roughness has been softened away from the landscape."

IRVING was mistaken about the ability of Walton to inspire a love of angling and about his future in America. A revered scholar of angling, George Washington Bethune, was to introduce Walton into the U.S. with an edition of *The Compleat Angler* in 1847. It was probably the most influential book in the U.S. in the 19th century. Writers paid tribute to it, including the great Thad. Norris (*The American Anglers' Book*, 1864), who said, "The true angler is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of gentle old Izaak." To the end of the 19th century the classic of the 17th dominated the mood not only of much of English but of most of American angling writing. But Irving was right in feeling that Walton's influence was more in the idyll than the angling; and he anticipated Walton's decline in the present century.

Although Berners is an obscure figure by comparison with Walton, her influence on angling to this day is stronger than his. I am tempted to discuss her style, the economy and directness of which are more in the temper of our time than is Walton's, but she has not been much read in recent years (or in recent centuries) and her real influence lies in the way she molded the foundations of the literature.

Berners has two roles in angling history. Unlike Walton, she influenced neither its substance nor its moods,

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IN A TRUE ANGLING IDYLL, THEODORE GORDON RESTS WITH A FRIEND ON THE NEVERSINK

BERNERS

continued

properties that belong to the inventions of each new generation. Her influence lay rather in form and theme, areas where "immortality"—defined as a long length of time—is common to literary history. Just as the pastoral and piscatory had their 2,000 years, thanks to Theocritus, so the angling *Treatise* has had its 500 still flourishing years, thanks to Berners.

The form of the *Treatise*—praise (appreciation), instruction and identity—remains the basic structure of modern angling writing. One important addition has been made to it, namely, proof by anecdote. That is, the writer tells you the means by which a fish may be caught and then he tells you a story of how in fact he caught a fish by this very means. Berners does not do this. She only generalizes. Anecdotal proof was introduced by Anon in 1577 along with the dialogue. Walton then brought both anecdote and dialogue to perfection. The dialogue form did not survive but the anecdote did. Furthermore, Walton surrounded the anecdote with the idyllic mood, which constitutes his original contribution to the art of angling writing. The idyllic anecdote—a little framed story—survives as the important addition to the Berners structure.

Readers will recognize it in almost every modern angling book and magazine article, whether it is G. E. M. Skues on the nuance of an old feather (followed by a cast and a marvelous rise), Theodore Gordon with his little fish story for almost every one of his innumerable instructions, George La-

Branche with his repeated cast to the sacred inch, Edward R. Hewitt's unfailing nymphs, Jack Atherton's trout-enchanting spiders, Joe Brooks with his catches on every newly discovered stream, or Sparse Grey Hackle with his precise instructions on how not to catch a fish (stand in the water where they are). Trullinger, Moore, Hurley, Trueblood, Randolph, Wetzel, Jennings, McClane, Camp, Lewis, Leonard, Schubeert—whoever your angling writer is, he will be teaching and proving his teaching with the rod; a nice spot to be in, for no one has ever disproved an angler's proof, and that is one reason why there will never be an end to the argument.

PROOFS are often idylls. Two anglers following a stream discover a lost lake in a woods at the magic moment of the evening rise. One sits down on a rock to watch the other. A mystique of the ages unites them. What does Piscator say as he lays out a long line into the riddle in the twilight? He gives a little lecture on Pale Evening Duns. Likewise, Ray Bergman (*Tread*) will tell (if memory serves) a pretty story of how he crept up to the tail of an enchanting pool, laid a slack line across the outrunning water to get a momentary float on the edge of the tail, and lo! in that instant a 14-inch brown seized the fly and was on. This goes to show not that creeping up on pools is a divine pleasure (which it is, of course) but a practical maxim; don't overlook the extreme tails of pools. Some flower-picking critics conclude from this that anglers have no regard for the beauties of nature. Ask an angler and he will tell you that nature's moods escape

capture; catch the trout and discuss the discussable. The old form of Berners, amended and refined by Anon and Walton, still serves this purpose.

As for the themes, Berners declares them: a merry spirit, joy without repentance, solace and peace. These have never changed. Implicitly and explicitly they have been recognized by every angler who ever taught his craft in speech or writing.

Walton developed the theme of innocence—his own angling innocence—with such an abounding sincerity as would nowadays be cause for suspicion. Long ago his sincerity was challenged in a discordant incident that distracted anglers from the true meaning of Berners.

Thus, the great debate on the innocence of the angler, took place between Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott. Byron opened it with some insulting remarks in his *DON JUAN* in the 1820s:

And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isak Walton sings or
says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in
his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small
trout to pull it.

And in his notes to Canto XIII, he declared, "No angler can be a good man."

The defense was first undertaken by the great scientist Sir Humphrey Davy in his *SALMONIA*, the only angling book on the model of Walton's dialogue to come off with reasonable success. One of his characters sides with Byron because of the way Walton strung his live baits. The character who presumably represents Davy won't defend that; he fishes fly. But he exonerates Walton on his general character as a good man.

Then came Sir Walter Scott, who reviewed Davy's book in the *Quarterly Review* of October 1828 and made it the occasion of a long essay on angling. In it, dead serious, poet combatted poet. Scott:

Of the humanity of the pastime we have but little to say. Our author has entered into its defence against Lord Byron, who called it a 'solitary vice,' and condemned its advocate and apologist, Isak Walton, as 'a quaint old cruel coxcomb,' who 'in his gullet/Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.' We will not inquire whether the noble poet has, in the present case, been one of those, who 'Compound for sins they are inclined to, /By damning those they have no mind to.' And we can easily conceive that scarce anything could have been less suited to

Byron's eager and active temper, and restless and rapid imagination, than a pastime in which proficiency is only to be acquired by long and solitary practice. But in this species of argument, whether used in jest or earnest, there is always something of cant. Man is much like other carnivorous creatures—to catch other animals and to devour them is his natural occupation.

After giving a number of twists to the tail of his opponent on the theme of hypocrisy, Scott concludes:

My lady, therefore, who gives the maître d'hôtel orders, which render necessary sundry executions in the piggery, poultry-yard, and elsewhere, is an accomplice before the fact, and as guilty of occasioning a certain quantity of pain to certain unoffending animals, as her good lord, who is knocking down pheasants in the preserve, or catching fish in the brook.

Of Davy's exemption of himself from the charge of cruelty because of his use of artificial baits, Scott said dryly: "Under the favour of such high authority, this is a point which none can know but the fish himself."—an observation reminiscent of Red Smith's on the humanity of cock fighting: "It ain't chicken."

Under the favor of such high authority as Byron and Scott, the issue they joined is beside the point. Anglers do not escape repentance for lack of remorse at killing animals. They simply don't identify with fish. The true cause of angling innocence is the absence of maidens (except maidens with rod in hand) in the angling idyll. There are no Seyllas, mermaids, Ondines or nymphs in angling literature. Indeed, in several hundred angling books I have read, I have found no maidens of any kind, real or imaginary; from which I conclude that maids and maidens are excluded by convention.

Exceptions there are of course. There is the milkmaid in *The Compleat Angler* who sings Marlowe's song, *Come live with me and be my love*. And there is John Donne's parody of Marlowe's song angled to his love in which he said:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish that is not caught thereby,
Is wiser far, alas, than I.

Also, there is one who is mentioned negatively by William Gill Thompson in a Fisher's Garland, *The Tyne Fisher's Farewell*, made in 1824:

continued

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No more the sweet enamour'd maid
Trips lightly o'er the well-known plain,
To meet, beneath the woodbine's shade,
Upon thy hanks, her faithful swain.

Why this striking omission in angling literature? One might say, why should maids be there? Well, they were prevalent in both the sea and the land pastorals. It is a very deep subject of which early angling writers were conscious. There is a clue to the mystery in Charles Cotton's lines to his love in his poem entitled *The Retirement*.

Oh my beloved nymph! fair Dove;
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery hanks to lie;
And view thy silver stream,
When glided by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.

The subject is at least as discussable as nature's moods, but I'll let it go with Cotton. With Berners the central theme, I believe, is not the whimsy of innocence but the knowledge of meaning of peace. Could it be that she sought in angling the peace of solace? Her manuscript says so. What of her life?

We can learn little about her, as Alfred Duggan pointed out in Part I of this series, except by guesswork. The name Berners itself, which in her time meant "hunterman," or "keeper of the hounds," suggests a pseudonym. But she was someone, and we might as well stay with the nun of the Berners family.

Consider then a speculation on a curious coincidence. How did it happen that the first treatise on fishing in the English language came to be written shortly after the writing of the first treatise on hunting in the English language? And how did it happen that this first fishing treatise was derived from the first treatise on hunting? For it was.

The first known book on hunting in English was *Master of Game* by Edward, Duke of York, who was Master of Game, as was his father, Edmund of Langley, before him. Like the *Treatise* this book remains, in its field, a masterpiece unsurpassed. It is a translation, with the addition of five new chapters, of an older French work,



END OF A SEARCH

Theodore Gordon, America's greatest fly-fisherman, died a recluse on May 1, 1915. He lived his last years in lonely grandeur of spirit in a cabin at Bradbury on the Neversink. His monument is the American trout fly: the only remaining collection of them, long lost, was rediscovered in 1954 (SI, Oct. 18, 1954). No one knew where he was buried—all such records seemed to have vanished. This year *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Virginia Kraft took up the search again. In lower Manhattan's almost forgotten New York Marble Cemetery, only a signpost away from the Angler's Club, she at last found the place where Gordon was buried. She is shown above at the site with Sparse Grey Hackle, another of Theodore Gordon's devoted admirers.

the greatest of all hunting books, Gaston de Foix's *Livre de Chasse*.

Master of Game was written sometime between 1402 and 1413, possibly while Edward was for a time in prison. We know the dates because he became the second Duke of York upon the death of his father in 1402. He became Master of Game to Henry IV in 1406. His book is dedicated to the king's eldest son, Prince Henry, who became Henry V in 1413. It was not only in manuscript until it was rediscovered in 1904 with a remarkable introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. To the author of the original French work, and Edward, its translator, Roosevelt paid this tribute:

Both were mighty men with their hands, terrible in battle, of imposing presence and turbulent spirit. Both were the patrons of art and letters, and both were cultivated in the learning of the day. For each of them the chase stood as a hardy and vigorous pastime of the kind which makes a people great. . . . Game abounded, and not only the chase but the killing of the quarry was a matter of intense excitement and an

exacting test of personal prowess, for the boar, or the bear, or hart at bay was slain at close quarters with a spear or long knife.

Shakespeare has a somewhat different story to tell of the Duke of York in his *Richard II*, and the records of history, including Edward's confession in his will, tell us he was a great rogue who lived one of the most turbulent lives in English history. There is no space to tell it here. But consider his book as the model of Berners' *Treatise*.

The structure of *Master of Game* is: 1) praise of hunting as the "most disportful of all games,"—it is better than hawking; 2) moralizing on the character of the hunter; 3) instruction in the sport, the animals and the technique of the hunter. The language and themes, too, are like those in the *Treatise*. Idleness is bad; hunters are not idle. Hunters are the most joyous of men. Their sport is good for the health of man and of his soul.

A few passages from the prologue of *Master of Game* will suggest its style and spirit:

When a man is idle and reckless without work, and he not occupied in doing some thing, he abuses in his bed or in his chamber, a thing which draweth men to imaginations of fleshly lust and pleasure. . . .

Now shall I prove how hunters live in this world more joyfully than any other men. For when the hunter riseth in the morning, and he sees a sweet and fair morn and clear weather and bright, and he heareth the song of the small birds, the which sing so sweetly with great melody and full of love, each in his own language in the best wise that he can according that he leareth of his own kind. And when the sun is arisen, he shall see fresh dew upon small twigs and grasses, and the sun by his virtue shall make them shine. And that is great joy and liking to the hunter's heart.

And since hunters eat little and sweat always, they should live long and in health. Men desire in this world to live long in health and in joy, and after death the health of the soul. And hunters have all these things. . . . For as saith in his book Phœbus the Earl of Foix that noble hunter, he saw never a good man that had not pleasure in some of these things, were he ever so great and rich. For if he had need to go to war he would not know what war is, for he would not be accustomed to travail, and so another man would have to do that which he should.

Now Juliana was at the court of Henry IV at the same time as Edward,

In the period when he hunted and wrote this book. She was born, we suppose, in 1385, daughter of Sir James Berners and Anne Berew. Her father was executed in 1388 for conspiracy against Richard II, son of the Black Prince and grandson of Edward II. A few years later her mother married Sir Roger Clarendon, bastard son of the Black Prince and so half brother of the king who executed her father. In 1399, Henry IV deposed his cousin Richard II and seized the throne. Three years later Henry IV executed Juliana's stepfather, Sir Roger, as a possible pretender to the throne. Since her natural father had lost his head for Henry IV and her stepfather's head had been removed by Henry IV, it could be presumed that the headless family was in favor at court. Edward, Duke of York, cousin of Henry IV and an archconspirator against both kings, managed to keep his head and almost wore the crown on it; he had a blood claim to the throne and at one time his cousin Richard II considered abdicating in his favor. As it was, he held some of the highest offices in England. Where did Juliana learn to hunt and fish but from him, the Master of Game? For reasons unknown she did not marry. Was it for lack of a dowry? Or the exigencies of the court? Edward died in battle at Agincourt in the year 1415, at the age of 42, the hero of old England's most glorious victory.

In the same year, Juliana, at the age of 30, entered the convent, ten years late by the conventions of the time. About five years later, she wrote her *Treatise* on fishing, and in it acknowledged the Duke of York, late Master of Game. She wrote austere of the solace of fishing.

Well, it's a fishing story. We know as a fact that the *Treatise* on fishing is a rib taken from the first English treatise on hunting, which its mighty author himself associates with war. We know, too, from Juliana's "lytell plaumflet" that she found peace in the art of angling. END

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In the two years of research that led to this series, many persons gave unstinting aid. The author wishes to thank the Yale University Library, in particular Marjorie Wykes and Nancy Kark, for making available its great collection of anything books; Jim Deren and Leonel Trilling for comment on a manuscript; John Fleming for the loan of a rare copy of *Master of Game*; and Virginia Kraft and Mary Jane Hodges of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for interest and assistance beyond call of duty.

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HOTBOX

The Question:

As a parent, do you think Little League baseball is too competitive?

MRS. THOMAS H. LEVERING



Wife of the mayor of Williamsport, Pa.

Generally, no, though it can be in some cases where a boy needs more time than other boys for studies or other activities. My husband and I are delighted that our city is the headquarters for the Little Leagues. We have never been hosts to a finer group of boys and their parents.

RAYMOND B. STEFANO



Union, N.Y. Salesman

Absolutely not. It's the greatest program there is for these kids. Even though they are young, competition does them a great deal of good. I can see it with my own boys. If New York City had this program to supplement the work of the Police Athletic League, there'd be less juvenile delinquency.

MRS. ALFRED T. LEE



Freeport, N.Y.

No. We can't keep our boys still. They would be just as active in things like hitching on trucks and other exciting activities. In Little League baseball the boys have a real purpose and excellent direction at an age when they should learn sportsmanship. A real purpose is important to a growing boy.

PAUL LAVALLE



Willow, Conn. Leader of Band of America

I haven't found it that way. It's competitive, but not too much. Had this competition interfered with my son's other activities, I would have stopped it. Actually, it was a diversion from his studies and helped him do his school work better. And he still has time to play the clarinet.

DR. DAVID E. COHEN



Westerly, R.I. Ophthalmist

No. This is competition on the best possible level. My boy was a Little Leaguer for three years. Not only did it teach him sportsmanship, but it showed him that there is such a thing as service to the community. He saw adults rendering services on a voluntary basis. This impressed him.

MRS. LAWRENCE A. BACON



Worcester, Mass.

On the contrary, Little League competition, intense as it is, is good for boys. That's the American way. America is all competition and was built on competition. Boys learn it young. When they become older they already know what keen competition is and find it easier to make their way in life.

DR. CREIGHTON J. HALE



*Director of Research
Little Leagues*

Research by the Little League and various universities proves that Little League competition has no detrimental effect. Pennsylv-

ania State University conducted the most recent study, which included the boys who won the 1955 World Series. These champions were shown to have broader interests, were the best liked, scored higher in traits of cooperation, friendliness, integrity, leadership and critical thinking.

LES LOMERGAN



*Pittsburgh
Sales representative*

No. Everyone has a favorite activity. There is nothing harmful with baseball being the favorite activity of many boys. They

love competition and live baseball. It's good for every community because a Little League becomes a community project. It makes neighbors out of strangers.

MRS. HARVIN BRADFORD



San Antonio

I'm a grandparent and I think it has a wholesome effect on boys. Kids get wound up in anything they play.

In San Antonio, recreation is well balanced. Baseball is the first interest, but children engage in other sports because our climate is ideal for outdoor recreation the year round.

C. G. JAKOPEC



*Brookfield, Ill.
Pyrometer reader*

Not for the boys. The losers naturally feel bad, but two hours later, when you see winners and losers together, you can't pick

losers from winners. But one look at the parents and you know the losers. Little League competition is too competitive for parents who really brood when their sons lose.

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Here's a new look in stitching that means a smarter look in styling. It's a Bates' exclusive "French Cuff." For comfort's sake it's soft, pliable—easy on and under foot. And more, for fashion's sake, is the fine Nylon straw insert. The combination makes *faultless fashion and cool comfort for summer!* Most styles \$11.95 to \$19.95



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ROAD RACING: IT MUST NOT DIE
Sir:

I am extremely sorry that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has sounded the death knell of road racing. "City-to-city racing is doomed," you say, "and probably justifiably so" (*Speed and Indianapolis*, May 27). Road racing is a great sport whose unhappily sad plight should not be accepted passively, least of all by a magazine of sport. The Pan-American road race and the Mille Miglia were two great sporting tests of men and machines, incomparably more fascinating, romantic and grueling than anything at Indianapolis, where a bunch of identical vehicles run around in circles. Road racing, or as you call it, city-to-city racing, must not be allowed to die. The answer is in properly preparing the course for the safety of spectators. Both the Mille Miglia and Pan-American courses have numerous high points of vantage from which a part of the race can be seen. Spectators must be banned from roadside points and from village streets. Lastly, some reasonable limitation, but only reasonable, must be placed on the displacement of cars entered.

HENRY JOHNSON

Los Angeles

ROAD RACING: BLOODY HOT RODS
Sir:

Recently the morning newspapers headlined the needless racing tragedy in Italy in which 13 lives were lost, including several children (*SI*, May 29). Is this the type of "sport" your magazine should feature in such great detail, along with basketball, track, golf, basketball, football, hockey and tennis?

Let us consider this bloody form of mayhem to the hot rod magazines and concentrate on true sport where the ultimate reward is glory in life rather than in death.

SAMUEL SIMONS

Bedford, Mass.

ROAD RACING: NOT A BAD WAY TO GO
Sir:

Admitting that the Mille Miglia may be too dangerous for modern cars, I still object to the use of the word "horror" in your article. Whose is the horror in the death of 13 people at an automobile race? That's not a bad way to go. They were all there by choice, and they knew the danger.

Your account of the drivers in that race shows that they prized their courage more than their lives. If death in any form horrifies you, you may be illustrated but you are no sports.

ELLEN DRAVER

Philadelphia

BASEBALL: ERRING SCORERS
Sir:

I want to comment on the practice of using local newspapermen as "official scorers" in major league baseball games.

These men travel with and write daily baseball articles about their particular teams and naturally are prejudiced. I am not questioning their integrity, but it is human to form a partisan attitude under these circumstances.

When the home town pitcher has a no-hit game going, or when the local slugger

has a consecutive hitting streak riding, these guys invariably get the break on a close hit or error play.

Why not have one of the umpires, or even an additional one, act as official scorer? Decisions then would be absolutely unbiased. Are these newspapermen paid to act as official scorers? If so, by whom: the individual club or the league?

L. B. WEATHERFORD

Chicago

● Mr. Weatherford makes a good point. However, it is not so much that official scorers favor one player or one team, but rather that they tend to favor the players over an objective appraisal of the play itself. For example, in one of last week's Yankee-Senators games Jim Lemon hit a long ball to Mickey Mantle—who unmistakably muffed the catch. The scorer

called it a triple, leaving both Lemon and Mantle far happier than if he had ruled an error.

The rules specify that the league president appoint an official scorer for each game. In practice this means that in each major league town the members of the local chapter of the Baseball Writers Association apportion to themselves the duties, and the \$21-a-game fee, of official scorers.—ED.

BASEBALL: COMMON SENSE

Sir:

Go west, Horace, take your beloved Giants to San Francisco. And while we're at it, let's move the White Sox to Minneapolis, Cleveland to Toronto, Washington to Dallas, and, of course, Brooklyn to Los Angeles.

Then realign the major leagues into a Western Division and an Eastern Division. Here's the breakdown.

DERBY: 3500 PREVIEW

Sir:

About the time Willie Hartack was fashioning some \$107,950 winches on Iron Liege's flank on his way to Calumet's sixth Kentucky Derby triumph, Everett Plunkett walked out into one of the many rolling paddocks at Calumet Farm, clipped a shank on Bewitch, a mare heavy with foal, and led her into the barn where all the Calumet horses have foaled since Nellie Morse dropped Nellie Flag in 1912.

Bewitch, like Citation and Countown among the 1945 foals sired by the incomparable Bull Lea, won more money (\$462,000) than any other mare in the history of the turf and her value as a brood mare is incalculable.

So far, her record at stud had been a series of misfortunes. Barren to Alibhai (leading sire this year off earnings by Bardotown, a son of Calumet's 1944 Horse-of-the-Year, Twilight Tear), Bewitch gave birth to a dead foal by Count Fleet the following year. Then she aborted her foal

by Tom Fool and last year was barren to Native Dancer.

Plunkett watched her anxiously Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. On May 7, he called Veterinarian Archib Davidson. At 11:30 p.m. Davidson, vice-president of the Thoroughbred Club of America, assisted as Bewitch gave birth to her first live foal, a gangling bay filly by Calumet's 1949 Kentucky Derby Winner Ponder.

Bewitch was the only horse to defeat the great Citation as a two-year-old (in the Washington Park Futurity).

Ponder (14 wins, \$241,275) is sire of Needles, the leading money winner of last year and winner of the Kentucky Derby. Ponder won the Derby himself in 1948. His dam, Pretense, won the Kentucky Derby for Calumet in 1944. His grandpère, Hyperion, leading sire in England for six years, won the English Derby of 1933. His great-grand-sire, Guinborough, also won the English Derby.

KENT HOLLINGSWORTH

Lexington, Ky.



3500 DERBY HOPEFUL: NEWLY FOALING CALUMET COLT BY PONDER OUT OF BEWITCH

EASTERN	WESTERN
New York Yankees	Milwaukee
Boston	Minneapolis
Philadelphia	Chicago Cubs
Baltimore	St. Louis
Detroit	Los Angeles
Toronto	San Francisco
Pittsburgh	Dallas
Cincinnati	Kansas City

I suggest the Cleveland and Washington moves because they are losing money as matters stand.

Now, could anything be more sensible?

GERALD J. WEIPERT

Detroit

FRISBEE: MANNERS AND MORALS

Sir:

As a master-in-training at Harvard I learned disrespect for anything Princetonian; as an undergraduate at Haverford I learned to value truth above all. So it is not surprising that I suffered a double-edged pain in my alumnophile when I read in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that the Nassau were being given credit for providing "a local habitation and a name" for the game of Frisbee (E&D, May 13).

If, as seems apparent, your reporter received his information only from that New Jersey backwash, it is not at all surprising that he included such phrases as "childish." That is the Princeton ethos, Sir!

But Frisbee as played at a man's college has gone far beyond in its requirements of skill and in its accent on virility. In fact, Frisbee was taken to Antares by a Dartmouth member of Operation Deepfreeze and played there amid-t arning penguin admirers and in very sub-zero weather.

FRANK P. FLINT

Westport, Conn.

FRISBEE: THEY ARE PROS, GENTLEMEN

Sir:

I believe that my record of service to the great sport of Frisbee allows me to point a finger at the festering sore of which Frisbee insiders have been aware all too long, but which I feel must now in the best interests of the game become public knowledge. I refer, of course, to the greivous breach of the National Frisbee Amateur Code at a certain eastern institution which, to protect the innocent, I will call Princetonian. I fear that your reporter was taken in completely by the seemingly carefree and buoyant attitude of Princeton's Frisbee athletes. I am quite sure that this was a deliberate smoke screen to hide their hideous history.

It is nothing short of this: in the beginning Princeton's current Frisbee players played to eat. They are professionals, gentlemen, nothing short of professionals. The circumstances are these. In the early days of the sport Frisbee was, as you pointed out, played with the hds from Keebler biscuit cans. Certain members of Princeton's *jeunesse dorée* took up the game and in order to develop strong and readily available players subsidized some of Princeton's less fortunate undergraduates by allowing them to devour the biscuits in the Keebler can after a round of Frisbee.

Those are the facts. I take no pleasure in washing Frisbee's dirty linen in public. But the time has come to call these men what they are—the Art Aragoons of Frisbee.

J. B. BRULLEN

Cambridge, Mass.

Finally...the truth about golf balls!

New United States Testing Co. report reveals some startling facts about trueness, distance, durability!

In the most exhaustive study of its kind ever undertaken, the United States Testing Company, one of America's foremost research and product testing organizations, devised and conducted a series of tests on the four leading high-compression golf balls.

These tests were completely impartial, conducted under the most accurate scientific conditions, to determine the *trueness, durability and consistency* of compression of all golf balls tested. The results were most revealing. For example:

1. Did you know that even among the top-priced golf balls there's a big variation in trueness—enough to make you miss a well-struck putt, or catch a sand trap on a properly hit approach?

In tests to determine deviation from true roundness, trueness of center balance and trueness of roll, the Spalding DOT outranked all other brands. The results prove that the DOT will follow a truer course, putt after putt, shot after shot, ball after ball.

2. Scientifically, the smallest, heaviest golf ball will travel farther. Did you know that even among the most expensive golf balls, there's enough variation in size and weight to cost you significant yardage?

Maximum weight and minimum diameter standards have been officially set for golf balls. In tests of weight and diameter, the Spalding DOT consistently measured closer to the maximum weight and minimum diameter allowances than all the other brands. To you this should mean—the DOT will travel farther.

In addition, measurement tests showed the DOT to have a shallower dimple than the other test specimens. To you this should mean—lower trajectory on long shots, a longer roll.

3. Did you know that there are vast differences in both the finish and cover durability of "distance" (thin cover) golf balls—that some golf balls will take more punishment, remain playable longer than others?

In *scuffing* tests the Spalding DOT's finish showed greater resistance to abrasion than any of the other brands. In *repeated impact* tests (of cover toughness) the DOT consistently outperformed all other test specimens. Such tests prove that the DOT should stay playable longer.

Composite table of rankings based on United States Testing Co. findings:

TRUENESS (Based upon tests of trueness of center balance, deviation from roundness and trueness of roll)	DISTANCE (Based upon consistency of weight, diameter, compression and depth of dimple)	DURABILITY (Based upon scuffing, shearing and repeated impact tests)
DOT	DOT	DOT
Brand B	Brand B	Brand A
Brand A	Brand C	Brand B
Brand C	Brand A	Brand C

NOTE: Very shortly, four detailed reports based upon this golf ball study will be in the hands of golf professionals everywhere. If you are interested in the test procedures, methods of measurement, etc., ask your golf professional to show you these reports.

Next time play the DOT. There are other balls in its price field, but none in its class!

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CAPTAINS LOUGHLIN AND CUTTER

The United States Navy, an amateur athletic body with a pretty good fighting organization on the side, has always been singularly fortunate in its choices for the Naval Academy's athletic director. This August, Captain Elliott Loughlin (above) returns to sea duty, leaving behind him an inspiring record of achievements. It was Loughlin who put the Navy back into postseason bowl competition after a 30-year absence,

who sparked the fleet-wide fund drive for the sorely needed new stadium and put new life into such sports as wrestling and cross-country. Succeeding him will be Captain Slade D. Cutter (below), a submariner who accounted for 19 enemy vessels during World War II, but who is just as proudly remembered as the man whose 20-yard field goal in 1934 won the Navy its first victory (3-0) over Army in 13 years.



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